

NO ONE CAN TAKE MY HUSBAND — A Modern Wife Tells Her Secret

NOV. 13,
1937

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IS ANOTHER WORLD WAR AT HAND? by Leon Trotsky



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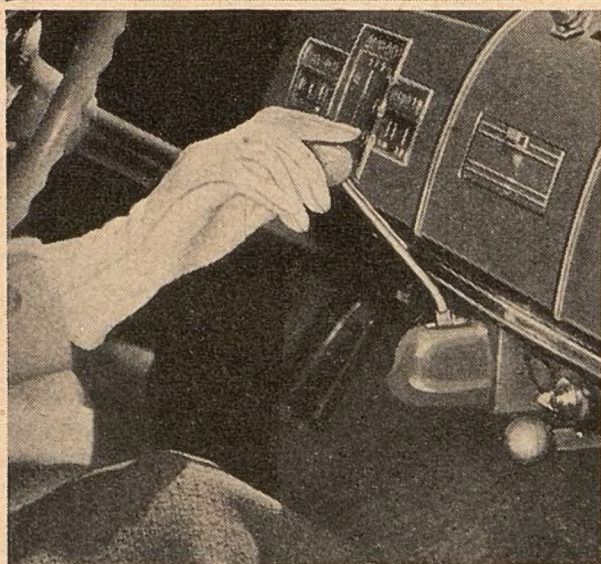
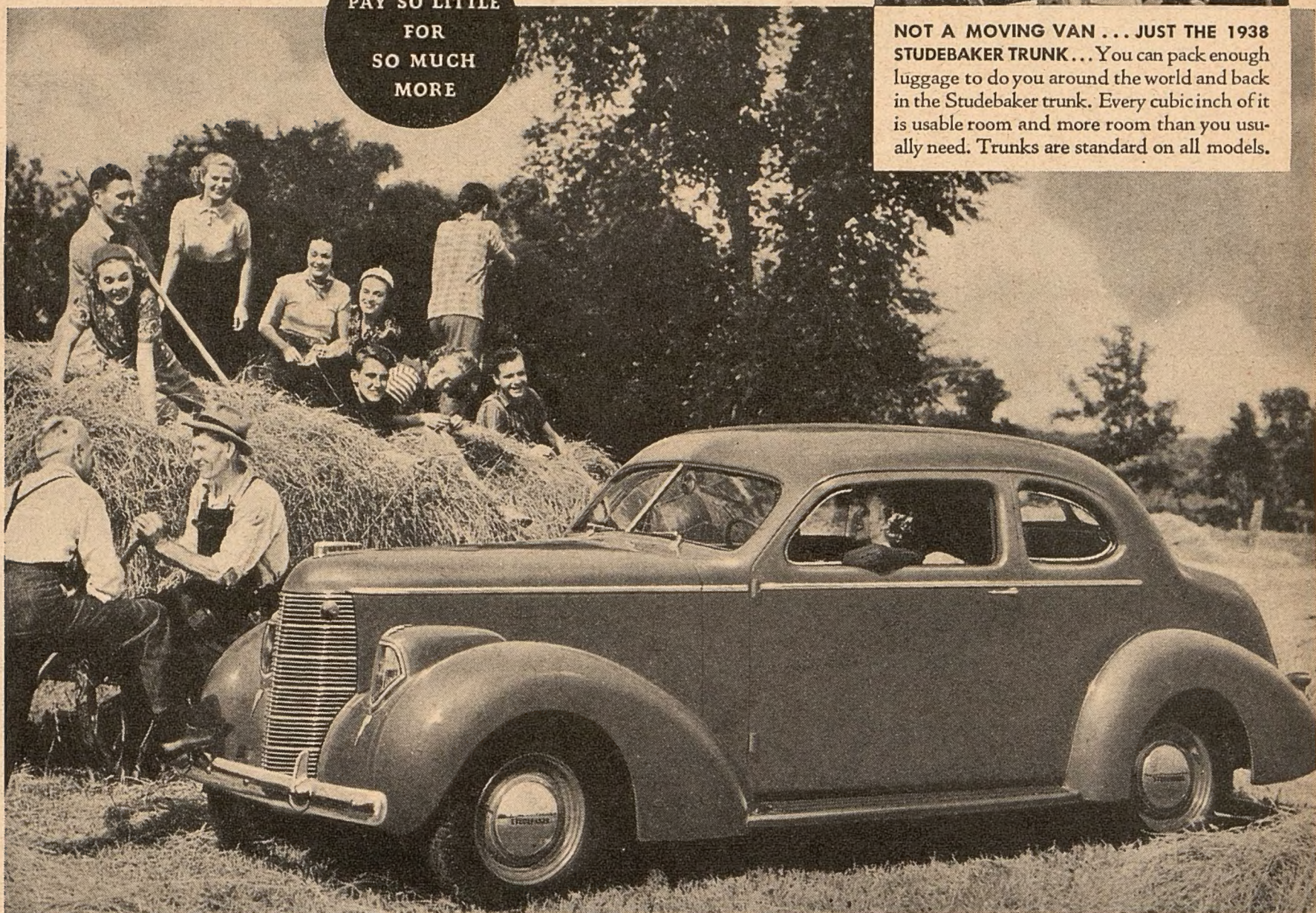
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OF 1938

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THE SAVAGE BRUTALITY OF MODERN WAR

WE shudder at the satanic cruelties of wars of by-gone days, but so-called modern warfare . . . attacks on innocent noncombatants . . . is a new addition to these ghastly horrors.

It is often stated that everything is fair in war, but those who view the newsreels that picture in appalling detail the terrific destruction of air bombing—the mangled bodies of women and children, wounded babies toddling about; and have read of the destruction of hotels and department stores, with arms, legs, and entrails of innocent civilians blown hither and thither and splashed against walls . . . those who have viewed these savage evidences of so-called modern war . . . if there is one atom of humanity in their souls, must have ground their teeth in rage.

These newsreel pictures, with babies crying amid the awful wreckage, brought to me an emotional storm similar to that which doubtless came over every red-blooded man after viewing these brutalities, and notwithstanding my seventy years, I would gladly shoulder a gun with millions of others if it would help stop such outrageous savagery.

War is supposed to be a fight between armies . . . between groups of men who are prepared for battle, who know the risks they are incurring.

But when women and children and babies are attacked and cruelly massacred . . . in some cases literally ground to bits . . . there is reason to believe the time has come to call a halt.

Who can assume such responsibility? The League of Nations? Its past record indicates its helplessness. Its activities are confined altogether to talk.

The United States government has warned Japan that civilized nations do not deliberately wage war on non-combatant populations. But our warning was probably received smilingly.

What do the Japanese care what our opinions may be? They have no respect for anything but force.

Naturally, we can maintain that this undeclared war is not our affair, and that we should allow the combatants to fight it out in their own way.

We are heartily sick of mixing up with European quarrels. The World War taught us a lesson we shall never forget.

But there is another side to the story.

Suppose Japan assumes full control of China. A grasping nation that glorifies war is never satisfied. The more it secures, the more it wants.

The early history of England is an outstanding example of such a policy, and it is quite evident that Japan is stimulated with similar ambitions.

And we have to remember that the glorification of war



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

by one nation compels all other nations that are intelligently governed to prepare to protect themselves.

If we could be convinced that Japan's ambitions will never turn in our direction, that she will never attack our cities as she has the Chinese, we could ignore the present hostilities.

Yes, we are isolated. We are thousands of miles distant. But there are various countries south of us that do not love us overmuch. We have had our troubles in Mexico, and it doubtless would not be difficult for Japan to secure a military base in one of these southern countries.

Another World War is doubtless coming, and if human greed and selfishness, which is really the cause of all wars, ultimately destroys everything we have gained in modern civilization, we shall have only ourselves to blame.

There is but one method of saving ourselves from this madness of conquest, and that is by arming ourselves thoroughly by building thousands of airplanes; protecting ourselves with modern armament to such an effective extent that our flag will be respected and our citizens protected.

That procedure is absolutely the only means of saving us from the destruction that will doubtless follow another World War.

The more powerfully we are armed, the more completely we can isolate ourselves. If we are so weak we have to ally ourselves with other nations for protection, then automatically we shall be forced into war. If we are so strong that we can stand alone, we can let the war-mad nations fight it out and stand aloof from the insanities that come with the glorification of wholesale killing.

Bernarr Macfadden

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62



IS ANOTHER WORLD WAR AT HAND?



The author

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

EACH day the press peers out toward the world horizon, looking for smoke and flames. A list of the possible hearths of war would read like a primer of geography. There will be shooting, but nobody knows who will shoot at whom.

In 1914 the chief factor of uncertainty was Great Britain; the second was Italy. A mighty but distant sphinx was the United States. The little states were added unknown quantities. On the other hand, the Austro-German and Franco-Russian alliances were stable factors determining the main axis of the front.

Today there is no remnant of the stability of those days. It is now incomparably more difficult to submit Britain's policies to a prognosis. Mussolini's successes in Africa and the growth of Italian armaments are an immediate threat to Britain. Contrariwise, Italy's uncertain friendship signifies in a more lengthy perspective an instrument for Germany in the struggle to secure Britain's benevolent neutrality. Germany could renounce this stage on the road to world domination only by agreement with the U. S. S. R. While such a variant is not excluded, it remains in the background. Hitler is fighting against the Franco-Soviet alliance because he wants a free hand for agreement with Moscow against Paris should an agreement with London against Moscow not materialize. But neither is the Franco-Soviet pact a factor of stability. French policy, ever dependent upon Britain, vacillates between conditional rapprochement with Germany and unconditional friendship with the U. S. S. R.

The satellites do not know around which planet they should revolve. Poland is allied with France on paper but collaborates with Germany. Rumania formally belongs to the Little Entente but is drawn by Poland into the orbit of German-Italian influence. Belgrade's growing rapprochement with Rome and Berlin evokes anxiety

From a famous exiled statesman who knows whereof he speaks—A frank and direful prediction of things to come

BY LEON TROTSKY

in Prague and Bucharest. Hungary justifiably fears that her territorial aspirations will be the first victims of friendship between Berlin, Rome, and Belgrade.

All want peace, especially those who can expect no good from war. Their ministers conclude agreements, talk peace. We see a puppet show on the crater of a volcano. For none of the minor Powers will be allowed to remain on the side lines.

Japan has occupied northern China and threatens further dismemberment. The internal political crisis of the U. S. S. R., the decapitation of the Red army, and Moscow's capitulation in the Amur Islands gave free rein to the Japanese military clique. The fate of the entire Far East is now in question. The United States is anxious to steer clear of the conflagration, but it was in 1914 too. It is impossible to be a great Power with impunity. It is easier to decree neutrality than to practice it, and Washington is now changing its course. Yet one cannot predict with assurance the combination of forces in the Far East. Here, as in the West, Great Britain remains the principal factor of uncertainty.

The policy of watchful waiting was sensible when this was Britain's privilege—opposite a Europe broken into two camps. But when all states are forced to adopt the attitude of expecting to betray or be betrayed, diplomatic relations become an insane game whose players lead each other around blindfolded, revolvers in hand. Great as well as small Powers will have to arrange military alliances hurriedly after the firing of the first shots of the new great war.

The initiative for the new armament fever belongs to Fascist Germany, which, with that infallible instinct which sometimes accompanies violent insanity, wrenched itself free from the Versailles shackles. But the inevitability of a new world-wide collision appears most convincingly in England's case. The humiliating defeats of British policy in Manchuria, Abyssinia, and Spain demonstrated to Baldwin that one cannot live indefinitely on the inertia of ancient power. Hence the almost panicky reflex of self-preservation, the most grandiose of all military programs. Britain is preparing to become, during the next years, the mightiest sea and air Power—in the name of peace and the status quo! But thus she gives an irresistible stimulus to sea and air armament across the Atlantic. Where, then, are the terrestrial forces to prevent the passage from armament to war?

Can it be hoped that resistance will come from the working masses through general strikes, insurrections, revolutions? Theoretically this is not excluded. The world's working masses are weighted down by terrible defeats suffered in Italy, Poland, China, Germany, Austria, Spain, partly in France, and in some small countries. The old internationals, the Second and the Third and that of the trade-unions, are closely tied to the democratic governments and participate in preparing war "against Fascism." In order to rise against militarism, the masses would first of all have to reject the tutelage of these internationals. This will not be accomplished in a day or a month. At present, in any event, the proletariat's political awakening proceeds more slowly than the preparation for the new war.

The classification of states into democracies and Fascisms has historical meaning, but not that indicated in pacifist scribblings. The first to arrive at Fascism or similar forms of dictatorship were countries whose internal contradictions had reached the greatest sharpness; countries without their own raw materials or sufficient access to the world market (Germany, Italy, Japan); countries which suffered defeat in 1918 (Germany, Hungary, Austria); finally, countries in which the crisis of the capitalist system is complicated by pre-capitalist semifeudal survivals (Japan, Poland, Rumania, Hungary). All these historically backward or unfavored nations are naturally the least satisfied with the existing political map. Their foreign policies are, therefore, more aggressive than those of privileged countries concerned above all with preserving accumulated loot. Hence arises the conditional division of states into partisans and adversaries of the status quo, the Fascist and semi-Fascist countries being, for the most part, adversaries.

BUT that does not mean that precisely these two camps will fight each other. Hitler would be happy to seize France's colonies in alliance with Great Britain, even in a war against Italian Fascism. For his part, Mussolini may, in all probability will, betray Hitler, as the Italian government in 1914 betrayed Hohenzollern and Hapsburg. "Sacred egoism" will triumph in the relation between the Fascist countries, too.

The totalitarian state is best fitted to the nature of present-day "totalitarian" war. But this means only that the present democracies will, during the world war and possibly even on its eve, inevitably approach or even give way to Fascism. A rapprochement of political systems, however, would not mean a reconciliation of hostile interests. The composition of belligerent camps as well as the progress of war will be decided by imperialist interests.

In London there is an inclination to believe that the most dangerous period will close in 1939, when the British armed forces for the "preservation of peace" will have increased sufficiently. But will not Germany or

Italy take advantage of the remaining period of grace to provoke a war? Many circumstances permit a negative reply. The decisive word rests with Germany, which is not ready. Even the most totalitarian government cannot perform miracles. Precisely because of its feverish growth, Hitler's war apparatus must embody disproportions and gaps. Today German authorities certainly estimate their army's readiness far lower than do their adversaries. At least two years are needed before the Berlin general staff relaxes its restraint upon impatient political leaders.

The status of armaments, however, is only one factor, and not the principal one. A moment at which all countries will feel "sufficiently" armed will never arrive. The blow which will set off the new war will, in all likelihood, be struck by a turn in the economic cycle.

In 1913 a tremendous and long-drawn-out industrial rise was succeeded by a structural economic crisis: Europe's productive forces were hemmed in by national frontiers. The crisis produced among ruling classes a nervous tension which dissolved caution. In 1914 war broke out. To be sure, the most recent crisis (1929-33) did not provoke war tremors. Optimism was so blinding that the ruling classes insisted on regarding the crisis as a mere episode. The illusions evaporated only with the gradual paralysis of trade and the growth of the army of unemployed. The foreign policies of these years—except in the sickest countries, Germany, Japan, and Italy—were uncertain, indecisive, and feeble.

AN entirely different effect will be produced by the new crisis, for whose arrival one will not have to wait very long. The present economic revival, accompanied by a disorganized world market, a disturbed currency system, and a chronic army of unemployed, inspires confidence in no one. A boom supported mainly by military orders signifies a wastage of the fundamental substance of economy and hence the preparation of a more profound and painful crisis. Today the ruling classes are unable to avoid taking account of this. The nearer the fulfillment of armament programs, the less room there will be for illusions, the greater the nervousness which will seize the "masters of destiny."

But perhaps the rulers are still able to defer the crisis, or, what is more important, to restrict it to the proportions of a cyclical change and not of a social catastrophe? This would require at least the razing of customs barriers, the restoration of international debts, and an increase in mass buying power through reversal of the armament machine. All but the blind will recognize that there is no reason to expect such a miracle.

Commercial representatives of forty nations assembled in Berlin in June to hear Goering's hymn in praise of autarchy. The pious speeches of some delegates about the advantages of a liberal economic regime sounded like a mockery of reality. Will those countries rich in raw materials furnish them to their adversaries for purposes of war? Will the colonial empires cede dominions to unfavored nations? Will countries which have concentrated gold treat disinterestedly the disrupted rival monetary systems? These questions answer themselves. The more reactionary the role of national barriers in the system of world economy, the more bitterly are they preserved. "Autarchy," however, does not at all imply self-sufficiency within national boundaries. Autarchy needs—foreign conquests. The doctrine of a closed economy is the premise of imperialist aggression.

The war danger, arising from economic difficulties, makes those difficulties sharper. Tension in peacetimes is least of all favorable to prosperity. Everything indicates that the coming crisis will far surpass that of 1929. Then the diplomacy of watchful waiting will become impossible. Rulers will be forced to decisive measures indistinguishable from acts of desperation.

Thus war can break out toward the end of the next three to four years—that is, precisely at the time when the fulfillment of armament programs should, it is argued, "assure peace." Naturally, political events may hasten or defer the explosion. But its inevitability is rooted in the dynamics of economy and of social antagonisms.

THE END

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If You Break My Heart.

BY STEVE FISHER

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

SHE came in when the morning sun was flushed pink on the shade of his window, and because she had never seen him before she was glad that he was asleep. She stood at the foot of the bed, her face colorlessly white against the black shine of her hair.

She saw that he was a young man, and that he was big, with blond hair, and cheekbones pushed hard against the skin of his face.

She could easily imagine him with a gun. She could see him creeping up to surprise a couple of kids who were standing near a warehouse and had not even broken into it. When the kids threw up their arms in surrender she could see this detective—Alvin Barnes—shooting down one of them. Shooting down one and forcing the other to fire and flee in order to save his own life. She could hear his lies. The kids had *opened fire on him*. When the truth was that he had forced the gun fight, because he was a tough cop and he didn't like these kids. And because he could say they were trying to rob the warehouse, and for a hip wound gain publicity and esteem, and maybe promotion. The kid with the gun had gotten away; but the other who had had no weapon had remained lying there in his own blood.

The kid who had remained lying there in his own blood was her brother.

So she kept looking at Alvin Barnes, making her first impression deep and solid. She hated him and everything that belonged to him—the book of poems that lay face down on the chair; the cigarette stubs in his ash tray; his glass of drinking water in which stood a rose with slowly shedding petals.

He moved restlessly on the pillow, as though her hatred had awakened him. She went around and raised the shades.

"Rita," a voice said suddenly, "there's leather in my mouth."

She saw that he had not opened his eyes. She put a cigarette between his lips and lit it.

"You have a new nurse," she said.

He opened his eyes. They were blue, and somehow it seemed to her that he did not look so hard. He looked at her for a moment without speaking, and she resented this because he looked her all over. Then he said:

"I won't complain about the change, honey. Not a bit. You're O. K. for my dough."

She had to be nice. She had to stay close to him until the time came. Larry, who was her brother's friend, and who had escaped the night of the gun fight, had told her that she must.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and took the pulse in his wrist. She knew that she had to speak, and told him:

"My name is Beth."

"You know mine?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "I know yours."

There was silence while she took his temperature, and he kept gazing at her. When she finished and got to her feet, he told her:

"I'll be out in another three days. Ah, how is that boy I shot?"

"You mean the grain thief?" she asked.

"Yes. They were to operate last night."

"They did," she said.

"And—"

"Dead," she whispered; "he died." Her hand was in her pocket and on the cold little .45 slug that they had taken from his body. She had stolen it from the operating room when her brother stopped breathing.

She left the room then because for a moment she could no longer stand his presence.

She returned with his breakfast. He had washed and shaved and was sitting up, but he looked pale.

"That's tough about the kid," he said.

She shrugged. "We all have to go sometime." And she looked at him, thinking he was going to go a long time before he intended.

She hated him, and it was going to be easy . . . easy, she told herself. He was merciless. So was she. Brooklyn and a street heritage had pounded the meaning of revenge into her. She was not afraid. Her life was little more than the misery and suffering and dying of the hospital, and she had grown too bitter to have conscience or qualms.

She had always lived in Brooklyn and it had always been struggle. She had been Larry's girl ever since she could remember. He had knocked her around a little, but she had always worshiped him, and she had always been willing to do anything he asked.

Larry had said: "It was quiet there, see, babe? Your brother and me went there to have a talk. Important stuff, see? We wanted to be alone. Then who noses in but this smart dick who's had it in for us. He burned down your brother before I could move; then I drew that old gat that used to belong to pa and let him have it—"

"You should have killed him then!"

"Yeah, I know. But I didn't, see? If he ever catches me he'll let me have it too. That's the kind of a heel he is. Well—"

She had sobbed, deep in her throat.

Larry went on: "You know the code where we live, babe. You know what it means, don't you? The kid was your brother. Your flesh. And the dick—"

"The dick must die," she had said bleakly.

THAT'S right, babe. Now you listen to me. We'll do it together, for the kid's sake. We'll take it slow and easy, and make sure nothing goes wrong. Get next to that dick and hang on to him. Don't let him out of your sight—"

She was eager to help. She knew her brother had intended getting a job. A steady job. He had told her so, and one thing the kid had never done was lie to her. The kid had gotten ambition, and now he was dead. Larry's voice faded from her memory, and she was looking at Alvin Barnes. He was drinking his coffee.

"Hon," he said, "I think we're going to get along swell."

"I hope so," she replied.

"You do? Really do?"

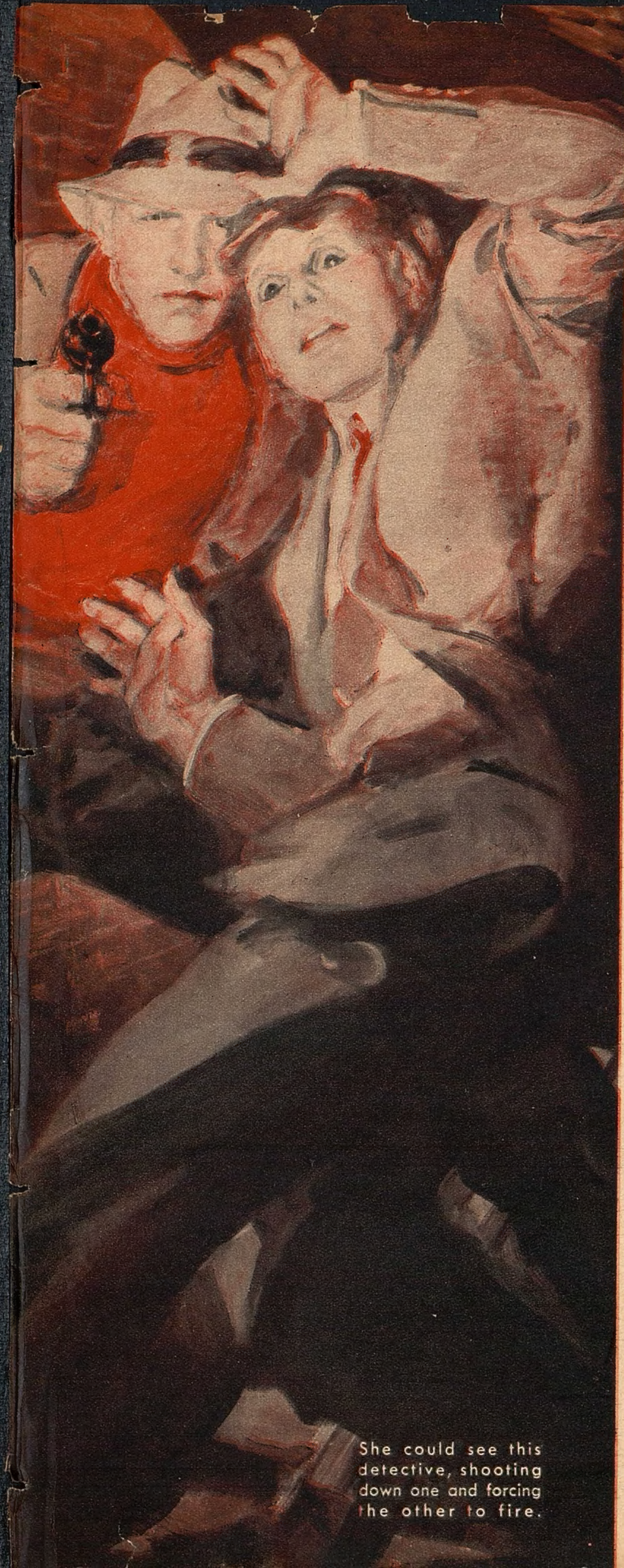
"Yes," she said.

"Then it's a date. The first day I'm up."

She looked down at him, her face white with hatred but a smile on her lips. "Maybe you wouldn't like me."

"Honey," he said, "I've been going through life with girls and looking over their shoulders at other girls. But the moment I opened my eyes this morning I knew you were the one."

She had an odd feeling that he meant this, and



She could see this detective, shooting down one and forcing the other to fire.

she didn't like it. Expressionless, she said: "I'll take the dishes now, if you're through."

That afternoon he brushed aside the newspapers that played up the glory of his legal murder, and asked her to read him poetry. She knew from Larry that any man who liked poetry was not a man, but she read, in unchanging tones, the *Rubáiyát*. She had never read this before and she faltered at the verse which began:

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
Today of past Regret and future Fears.

When she went off duty she went into a second-hand bookstore and picked up the *Rubáiyát*, and took it home and read it again. She did not see Larry that night and she went to bed with a troubled mind.

The next morning Alvin Barnes seemed to be better. At two o'clock he tried walking, and did it surprisingly well. They sat on the roof and looked at Brooklyn's squalid tenements.

"I live in one of those," she said.

Alvin Barnes asked: "Has it always been one of those?"

"Yes," she said.

He took her hand. "Poor kid. Get dressed, and I'll meet you tonight."

SHE was frightened at this, because she didn't want to go out with him. Yet she knew that she must. Everything had to go along smoothly so that when the time came he would suspect nothing.

"You—you can't leave the hospital," she said.

He smiled. "Can't I?"

Alvin arrived at eight thirty. He looked like a Princeton football prom, with his tux and square shoulders and blond hair. He told her she was lovely, and limped, as he escorted her into a taxi.

"There'll be merry hell when they find I'm gone," he said.

She could feel the slow, heavy beating of her heart. "He must trust you completely," Larry had said. "That's the important thing. We can afford to take time." Larry was going to stay away from her until she gave him the word.

The cab stopped in front of the St. Moritz, and she thought Alvin had brought her here to dazzle her, because she had anticipated a night club and maybe one in Brooklyn. The music here was soft and hummed with steel guitars. The show was smooth and beautiful.

She felt that she did not belong here. She was afraid. She felt that all of these splendidly groomed people were looking at her and knew she was only a cheap tough girl from Brooklyn who worked in a hospital. She wanted to get up and run out.

Alvin said: "Honey, you belong here."

"No," she said, shy, yet deliberate, which was her way. "I don't belong."

He looked into her eyes. "Forget that. It's silly. Life is to enjoy, not to weep through."

Much later his hip bothered him (or that was his excuse for leaving) and he took her home. He followed her into the apartment. She stood facing the full-length mirror, and she knew, she thought, what to expect now. Or what he expected.

But he took her by the shoulder and turned her around. He kissed her, then he said:

"Good night, sweet."

When he was gone she sat down, rubbing the kiss from her lips, and remembering—she *must* keep remembering—that he was a killer, and where she had come from the code was revenge.

Vivid, poignant, surprising . . . The story of a girl who fell in love with the man she planned to kill



No one spoke about the fact that he had gone out, the night nurses being pretty good scouts; and the next day she treated him exactly as a nurse must treat a patient. After lunch he told her:

"The department called. I'm getting a week off."

"That's very nice."

"What I mean is," he went on, "we're going to spend that week together. I fixed it up for you with the head nurse."

She was aghast. "Without asking me?"

"The head nurse and I are old friends," he said. "You won't be sorry."

She was frantic. She telephoned Larry—in secret—and asked him what to do. "Stick with him. Get his confidence. He's got to think you're on the level—"

She and Alvin went to the mountains. He put her in a cabin by herself and insisted on paying for it. She didn't know what to think of all this. She had been to Coney plenty of times, and once to a resort in New Jersey, but never in the mountains. She got up mornings before any one else and went out and looked at the trees.

The third afternoon he spent teaching her to ride horseback. They were winding down a mountain path, she in the lead, when he said:

"It's a funny thing, hon, but I don't even know your last name."

"Maybe it's better," she told him, and instinctively her hand went into the pocket of her blouse where the .45 slug lay. She took it out, thinking he wouldn't see it; then it dropped. She looked up to find that he had been watching her. "I—" She was clumsy trying to dismount, and he hopped off his horse and picked the bullet slug up.

"What's this?"

She flushed. "That Thompson kid. I—I was in the operating room, and I—"

She was breathless for fear that he would suspect she was the kid's sister. She was relieved when she found his interest was only professional.

"These things are supposed to be turned over to the cops," he said. "I'll keep it."

She began to protest, but he swung back on to his horse and they continued up the trail. Her cheeks were burning. She stared at his back.

Alone in her cabin at night she was a little afraid because he did not make love to her. She didn't want him to, but it was that he didn't seem natural. She had brought the Rubáiyát with her and was beginning to learn it by heart.

Toward the end of the week he became tired with the sameness of the mountains and suggested they go elsewhere. He had called a friend. They motored to Long Island, where she met a tall gray-haired ex-detective who had a house that faced the Sound. She felt self-conscious when servants waited on her at dinner, and in the quiet conversation through the evening she was not at ease.

IN the morning their host left for New York and she and Alvin Barnes went out sailing. Slowly tension was beginning to leave her, so that for the first time in her life she could relax. She was a pretty girl, and when, later, tan began to brown her cheeks and the dull black left her eyes for ebony brightness, she was beautiful.

On the last night they sat on their heels in the sand near a fire and ate roasted marshmallows until they were sick with them. Then they sat back as the fire slowly flickered down. She had never talked very much because she found it difficult to express herself, and because she

was shy, even with the people she had known for years. But she felt him close to her, and she asked:

"Why have you done all this for me?"

"I told you, you were the one," he said.

"You don't pity me?"

"There is too much in the world to be pitied, for a man to begin."

They were silent again, and she was numb with a feeling she had never known. Her heart was in her throat. She was transformed. It was as though womanhood had come to her. She fought against it but the spell was overpowering. She wanted to cry and beat her fists. She was tormented. But she sat quietly.

HE turned her head with his hand under her chin and kissed her. She wanted to scream. She wanted to get up and run away. She was confused. Revenge kept beating in her mind, and yet, too, it kept fading; she was grasping for the word, and losing it. It was as though for months she had had fever and now it was breaking.

She closed her eyes, sealing them closed with tears that came suddenly, and she felt her arms—unwilling—go around his neck.

She cried softly as he kissed her.

It was raining in Brooklyn and Larry was waiting at the door where she came out of the hospital. Mechanically she crossed the sidewalk and got into his car.

"You shouldn't take this chance," she said.

"Never mind that." He shifted gears and the tires swished through the street. "You were gone a week."

"You told me to go."

He said: "I know. But—I suppose you got yellow and changed your mind. I suppose our code, and the fact that the kid is dead—"

"No," she said, "I didn't change my mind."

He was silent, and she could tell by his manner that he was jealous.

"Is the dick a Lothario?" he said.

"I don't know what you mean?"

"I mean"—he glanced at her—"does he know his way around?"

"Yes," she told him softly, "he knows his way around."

"You little tramp," said Larry.

He was angry but he didn't slap her. In her apartment he calmed. He talked of the detective's murder. She sat listening to him and to the rain on the roof, and she felt again the futility of her existence. Long Island and the mountains were something that had happened to some one else. That night on the beach had been madness, but she was sane now.

"You get him to come up, see? Then you send him down to the delicatessen for something. He'll have to go from your doorway to the corner. He wears a yellow slicker in the rain, and I can't miss. I'll be right across the street with pa's old gat."

"All right," she said.

"You won't double-cross me?"

"No, Larry."

Alvin Barnes came up at nine thirty. He took off the yellow slicker and threw it across a chair in the kitchen.

"Honey—" he said, and he held out his arms for her.

She was like clay but he kissed her. "We can't go far tonight," he went on, "unless you like rain."

He trusted her. The confidence had been achieved.

She saw water splattering against the window sill, and saw the light in the empty building across the street go out. Alvin lit a cigarette and settled down on the divan.



They sat on the roof and looked at Brooklyn's squalid tenements.

He turned on the radio. She looked down at his rugged high-cheekboned face, his mop of blond hair; and then she looked across the street at the darkness of the building.

Alvin was merciless, she told herself. He was a killer. Revenge beat in her heart. Revenge was in her blood. He had been nice, but it had been a passing picture, and it was gone now. She thought of the twisted bullet slug—the slug that had killed her brother.

You couldn't change the stripes on a tiger, nor wash the heritage from the soul of a girl raised in the streets of Brooklyn, and she knew this. She knew that life was not pleasure but pain, and that a life must be paid for with a life. She saw the bleak days ahead of her, one very like another, and she knew her course must not waver.

But she was conscious of the music that swelled in the room. The band was like that of the St. Moritz. They were playing *You'll Never Go to Heaven if You Break My Heart*. And her heart was breaking.

Had Long Island been madness, then?

She thought of the mountains, and the deep quiet of the woods, and of the soreness in her legs from the horses. She thought of the sailboat in the Sound and the water slipping away from her. She remembered the dying embers of the fire on the beach and the faint stench of burnt marshmallow. She thought of all these things, and her heart had risen, and she opened her mouth to speak.

"Alvin—"

"Yes?" he said.

She saw that the book—the *Rubáiyát*—was in his hands. She saw him smiling, and then she knew that she was, after all, a woman. She knew that, no matter what Alvin had done, whether or not he had killed her brother, he was a man, a real man, and she had never known one before. She saw that he lived, where she existed, and his life was not misery and sameness.

She knew—and it was horrible to know this now—that she loved him.

SHE loathed herself. She was a traitor to everything she had been taught. She was a traitor to her brother and to Larry. She had started out to get revenge, and had failed. She was weak. She had a heart and love had come into it. She was not fit to go on living, for she had been false even to herself. She remembered Larry: "You won't double-cross me." She remembered this, looking at Alvin.

"I want to borrow your slicker. I'm going down to get something."

"Can't I go?"

"No," she said. "It's—it's a surprise."

"Hon, you don't have to go to the trouble of getting surprises for me."

"No trouble," she whispered, and she put on the slicker. She picked up his felt hat. "Be right back." She closed

the door and stood alone in the hall, taking breath into her lungs. Faintly she could hear the music that came from the room. She put the felt hat on her head and brushed her hair under it. No, Larry, she thought, I won't double-cross you. He'd sneak up and take you by surprise if I told him you were over there. He'd kill you too. I should send him to you, but I can't. *I can't!* So I am coming myself, for a traitor who is untrue to both sides—

She moved down the stairs, her stomach hollow with the taste of Alvin gone from her, and somehow happy that there would be no more hospital and no more Larry and no more rain in Brooklyn. Through the numbness that was in her the lines from the *Rubáiyát* kept coming, one by one:

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire.

She was on the street floor. Her hands were trembling now and her rouge was ghastly red against the white of her face.

SHE looked into the night and whispered, "Good-by," and then she was out in the rain. She was walking past the vacant window across the street; she was moving toward the delicatessen. The street was empty. The rain came in thick solid drops and pounded on the cement. Then some one had hold of her arm, and she half turned and saw Alvin Barnes.

"Go—go!" she said.

Blackness closed about her, and she felt the way she had the first time she saw a man's leg amputated. She fainted.

When she opened her eyes she was on the divan in her apartment, and Alvin was sitting beside her, soothing her head with a wet cloth. "I could have told you, hon," he said, "but I had to know for sure that you loved me. That—"

She rose to her elbows. "But Larry—"

"He's in jail. We wanted him and he was lying low. The cops told me to stick with you until—I picked him up when he left here this afternoon."

"But—"

"That slug you stole from the operating room. It'll burn him. That night I thought your brother and he were breaking into the grain house. But it wasn't that. There was shooting, and I naturally thought I'd fired the shot. When we couldn't find the slug after the operation—well, it didn't seem necessary."

"You mean you *didn't* fire the shot? You—"

"No. It was Larry. The kid wanted to go straight, and Larry was afraid he had too much on him, and—Well, he took the kid there to— And he did. It wasn't until you dropped the slug when we were riding that I realized it, though."

She was incredulous. "Then Larry—Larry killed the kid?"

He nodded. "With a forty-five. Cops use thirty-eights."

She lay back then, and was quiet. The radio still played. "Making love to me, then," she whispered, "was police orders?"

He grinned. "Orders are over, hon, and I'm still making love." But the grin disappeared, and he looked down at his hands, his face white, and then he looked into her eyes. "I'll be making love to you all my life," he said.

THE END

Sad are
these
girl inmates
of the Tokyo
Yoshiwara, the
Streets of Pleasure.
For the Geisha House
Association has ordered
girl entertainers to omit
frivolity and dress in somber
raiment during the war in China.

Tokyo's Yoshiwara dates from 1618. In 1923
earthquake and fire wrought havoc there; a
bronze statue of Kwannon, goddess of mercy,
commemorates the fate of 200 girls. Known
as geishas in Western parlance, such girls
are yujos, strictly speaking; true geishas
are high-class song-and-dance entertainers.

Over the entrance of each house is hung an official license,
with the exact scale of charges that may be collected. The
Treasury derives a considerable income from the Yoshiwara.

Any moments for outdoor diversion are snatched by the
and bright flowers and are eager to buy them of the vendors
forgetting the depression of the wartime and the life they



Framed pictures of them are
the entrances to the Yoshiwara
which are entirely decorous, a



Japan's Geisha Girls Mourn for Wa

BY ALEKO E. LILIUS, F. R. G. S.



displayed, as above, inside houses. From these pictures, visitor makes his selection.

The district glistens at night in the light of innumerable bewitching lamps. An Occidental sightseer walks through it as in a dream, amazed by the almost total absence of girls from the streets. It is a matter of pride with them not to show themselves outdoors after dark.

girls while the sun is high. Like children, they love trinkets on the streets. Below, a group of girls are momentarily lead in their excitement over a vendor's stock in trade.

An idealistic young American recently gave a girl like these her freedom. He raised the money by selling his first-class round-the-world ticket—and took a third-class passage home.





The author

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

M LLE. MARVINGT'S is perhaps the most extraordinary life that any woman has lived since Joan of Arc. She has adventured all over Europe and in Asia and Africa, and has made an aerial tour of the United States. She fought in the World War trenches as a man. She was the first woman in the world to hold an aviation pilot's license, and she is the inventor of a "flying hospital,"

now used by the French army, with which more than 7,000 lives have been saved. She holds numerous records in flying, swimming, mountain climbing, automobile racing, cycling, canoeing, fencing, walking, and winter sports.

It was Marshal Foch who summed up Mlle. Marvingt's career when, presenting her to Mme. Foch, he said, "I bring you our phenomenon." Liberty can but echo his words: We bring you France's phenomenon, the Fiancée of Danger.

Her own story of another of her truly amazing adventures will be told in an early issue.

WELL, monsieur, where shall we begin? You ask how I first came to be known as the Fiancée of Danger?

That is a story—and it begins, curiously enough, in a fortuneteller's booth at the Paris Exposition of 1900. You do not believe in fortunetelling? Neither do I. But it is fun, is it not? And this beautiful Algerian girl was no ordinary palm reader. She had second sight.

"The 11th of August," she told me, "you will find a four-leafed clover. Good luck? For you, the contrary. I see accidents—bicycle, horse, automobile, railway. Fear also the water: you will be nearly drowned. There will be an attempt to kill you—and finally I see assassination itself—all before the 23d of January."

If I believed her, I had six months to live! But of course I didn't. I forgot all about it until, a short time afterward, I was returning from a bicycle tour near Pont Audemer. We stopped to rest. Mechanically I pulled up a handful of grass—and with it the only four-leafed clover I have ever found. The date was August 11!

Monsieur, I am a bicyclist. I have ridden my American cycle, Solidity, all over Europe. But twenty minutes later a friend's bicycle swerved into mine and threw me headlong. Bruises on the face—that was all!

That same summer I was pedaling along in London when a cab horse and his cab ran gayly over me. A bruised side and some broken spokes for Solidity.

With Georges Blanchet, the aeronaut, I made a night flight in a spherical balloon. On the way back to Paris our train unexpectedly stopped. I got out to see what was the matter—and saw the onrushing Paris Express plunge into the car in which I had just been riding.

That autumn, bicycling near Meyrueis, I met friends who were touring in a landau drawn by horses. "Come with us," they invited, "to the Aigoual, highest peak of the Cévennes." They couldn't take both me and Solidity in the landau, but the cousin of one of them was following in a small auto, and I was soon seated beside him, with his chauffeur on the running board and Solidity in the back seat. As we slowly descended the winding road, he almost ran over a dog. Unconsciously he gave the steering wheel a jerk. Car and passengers hurtled into space and landed at the bottom of an abyss.

I did not lose consciousness, but I suffered excruciating pain. The chauffeur was dead. My host had a fractured skull. I had broken my left leg. After an hour a passing country postman fetched a carter with his heavy dumpcart. All that night we bumped and jerked along, and in the morning we reached a hospital. As you see, I did not die—and neither did my companion; but I was weeks recovering from this most severe of all the accidents which followed so speedily on the Algerian's prophecy.

And was I nearly drowned, as she foresaw?

Almost immediately after her prophecy I went down with an excursion boat that hit a rock. Several passengers were drowned. I was able to swim the four and a half



High lights from an amazing career of adventure! The candid confessions of a woman who lived for thrills

miles to shore. Some weeks later I nearly lost my life within a few feet of safety. It was at Havre, where I was known as the Red Amphibian because of my crimson silk sweater suit and my swimming. I was walking on a pontoon jetty when I slipped and fell in, fully dressed. I suppose my clothes must have throttled me—for if that pontoon had been two strokes farther away the Red Amphibian would have been a dead jellyfish!

Then I went, as was my custom, on a long cruise as the only woman on the fishing boat of an old friend, Father Riton. At night, after the sailors had gone below, I always undressed and bathed in the open sea. One night a squall caught me hundreds of yards from the boat. The rough sea and the tide made it impossible to get back—and I was much too far out to swim to land. Suddenly a tiny light appeared on the horizon. Another fishing boat, miles away—but, thank God, down the current and the wind! All night I swam, and at dawn was delighted to find myself within hailing distance. They threw me a rope. I shinnied up it and sank gratefully into the slickers and coats with which the fishermen enfolded me.

I made rejoinder with boxing. My response unnerved them.



of Danger

BY MARIE MARVINGT

Swimming all night—you call that hardship, monsieur? You ought to climb Vesuvius when it is in full eruption! I had made the jaunt from Nancy to Naples by bicycle when the smoking giant decided to erupt. Many times I had climbed to the edge of its crater; but now I had a chance to try it in the face of flying lava—an opportunity scientific as well as adventurous, because it is only by ascents at such times that certain useful observations can be made.

The village of Boscotrecase was practically in ruins. The church was demolished, the altar covered with ashes. Most of the inhabitants had long since fled. One man I found had a horse, but he would not part with it except for its full price. "If you go up there," he said, "you won't come back—and I won't ever see my horse again." I paid, but made him sign a paper saying he would give me back part of my money if I brought back his horse.

I rode slowly through a ravaged country. The molten lava flowed over the banks of the funicular railway. The ground under my horse's feet became almost unbearably hot. At the foot of the ascent to the observatory I left the poor animal tied to a ring in a wall, and in the suffocating heat I slowly mounted, staggering for hours through clouds of ashes, gulping sulphurous air.

The observatory door opened. The director, M. Matteucci, was still at his post. So were some of his guides. But he who had received me so cordially before was not smiling this time.

"What are you doing, mademoiselle, in this hell?"

"I want to go up there," I said.

"Madness! I will not let you!"

"Are you going to tie me up?"

I was smiling, but he saw I was unshakably determined.

"All right. I will let you go if you insist, but only if one of the guides volunteers to go with you."

Two of them declined. The third, a young fellow and game, said, "If you're really going, count me in."

I could have kissed him.

M. MATEUCCI had me sign a paper saying I was making the ascent at my own risk. Then, still protesting, he lent me his own equipment: helmet, mask, oxygen reservoir, gloves, boots, and scientific instruments.

Taking alpenstocks, my young friend and I started. Above us, never ceasing, sounded a deep rumbling like that of an artillery bombardment. Clouds of ashes hurled themselves at our masks. Unable to see, we staggered on upward, depending on our compasses for direction.

The higher we climbed, the more frequently we met with flying blocks of calcined lava. A good-sized one struck me solidly on the head. Before I could readjust my oxygen mask, I had breathed in great gulps of poisoned air. A few more breaths, and I should have been asphyxiated.

My companion motioned toward a jet of vapor rising only a few yards away. I knew we had reached the crater's edge, or come as close to it as was possible. For some time I had felt that I was walking on the cover of a

gigantic pot, a cover that trembled and rocked from the boiling beneath. Larger and larger projectiles were flying more and more thickly. The rumble had become a continuous thunder. The soles of our supposedly unburnable shoes were curling.

I plunged forward to the jet of vapor, which I could still just see, and filled my test tubes. I learned afterward that these specimens of the emanations from the crater itself were of unusual scientific value.

Meanwhile, in due time the thrifty Italian got back his horse—and the Frenchwoman got back her money!

The assassination that the seeress foretold?

Well, during those fishing voyages with Father Riton we didn't spend all our time at sea. The boat would come in with the tide and we would dispose of our day's catch. One moonlit night we reached land about three o'clock.

"I'll see you to your friends' house, miss," the old salt said. "It's dangerous out alone at this hour."

"I won't have you lose your sleep," I replied; "and I am not afraid. Besides, I am armed."

"I don't like it," he insisted, shaking his old gray head; but he saw that it was useless to argue with me, and let me go.

THE night was cold but exhilarating. I walked rapidly through the narrow streets, carrying my basket of fish and my heavy coat. Suddenly, as I passed a street corner, I received a brutal blow on the nape of my neck.

I had seen nothing, heard nothing. I spun around and found myself face to face with two glowering individuals in black capes, blue-and-white sweaters, and red-handkerchief belts—typical apaches, as we call our gangsters in France.

"What do you want?" I cried.

For answer I got a swing to the jaw. Dropping basket and coat, I made rejoinder not only with boxing but with jujitsu. I never thought of my revolver. Of course, being two to one, they would undoubtedly have triumphed if they had had the stomach to go on with the fight. But my response to their attack—so different from what they had expected of a mere woman!—unnerved them. One, whose face I had hit so hard my hand was bleeding, said, "We had better let her pass, this one. She has no fear."

"You'll get it next time," I warned, as I started on.

Five minutes later I was ringing an apothecary's bell. "Who brought you here?" he asked as he examined my wounded neck. Told that I had brought myself, he looked at me in wonder. "A little more, and it would have broken your spine! You have had a very narrow escape."

But escapes are not enough for you, monsieur? You will not be satisfied until you see a woman's form lying dead, as the Algerian girl prophesied? Very well. Listen a moment more, and that is what you will see!

By now it was nearly January 23. If I believed the fortuneteller's prophecy, my time was almost up. I won't say whether I did or didn't, after all that had happened—but I went back to my home in Nancy. There I waited.

I was alone in the house one morning when I heard a knock on the front door. I unlocked it, opened it, and looked out. There stood a beggar who asked for bread. His eyes burned with an unholy fire. Even so, but for the prophecy I might have gone back into the kitchen and found something to satisfy his hunger. Instead, by a quick movement I sent him sprawling down the steps.

Once again behind the locked door, I was torn between the conviction that I had been saved from the fate that had been promised me and the disquieting idea that he might have intended me no harm.

A piercing scream roused me from this mental conflict. He had asked food of an old maidservant, and when she had turned to look for bread he had knifed her between the shoulders, killing her almost instantly.

Do you wonder that soon thereafter my great and good friend M. de Château-Thierry de Beaumanoir pronounced me to be the Fiancée of Danger?

And do you wonder that I have spent my life trying to live up to so grand a title?

An arduous task, you say? Perhaps, for some. But *le sport*, it is my life. And danger and I are drawn to each other by a seemingly irresistible magnet!

THE END



READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I WANT you men to get out there on Saturday," snapped Knute Rockne, "and roll up fifty or sixty points. I want to see what you regulars can really do. I'm going to keep you in there until you have St. Louis University pushed right back on its heels. Then, if you have made enough points, I'll take you out."

Rock's lecture had come in the middle of the week and the task he set for us looked like simplicity itself. Notre Dame figured to trounce St. Louis if it really wanted to put the pressure on all the way.

But it was raining miserably the Saturday of the game, and in football rain and mud form the Great Equalizer.

Instead of twenty points in the first quarter we had precisely none. We so slipped and slithered across the quagmire that we hardly could get even a first down.

As the second period raced toward a close with Notre Dame still scoreless, we finally managed to advance as far as midfield. It was third down and four yards to go. Our interest no longer was in an avalanche of touchdowns but merely in one or two.

There was only one thing for Quarterback Harry Stuhldreher to do in a desperate situation of this type. He had to lead with his ace and call on his big triple-threat man, James A. Crowley, for that four yards. I might remark in passing that my triple threat consisted of fumble, grumble, and stumble.

The soggy ball snapped back into my hands and I was off. A hole opened up in the line ahead of me that was wide enough for three taxis to drive through abreast. I cleverly decided to use the No. 3 item in my triple-threat repertoire, the stumble. Down I went on my shell-like ear and slid for twice the necessary distance.

Stuhldreher, smart citizen that he is, promptly called time out. "Listen, fellows," he said. "From now on we're going to slide for a touchdown. Just run with the ball and then slide the rest of the way."

So we did. We got one touchdown in the first half and another in the second. Fifty or sixty points? Nonsense. We were very well satisfied to settle for twelve.

The mud did the trick. The weather can play more

pranks in football than in any other sport. A postponement solves the difficulties of baseball, tennis, boxing, wrestling, golf, and all the rest. But in football the game goes on, regardless of the weatherman and his doings.

There is nothing like bad weather to make that neat little transposition in letters which turns setup into upset. The history of the sport is filled with such instances.

Slippery underfooting will change the entire style of attack and defense. It will shackle passes, multiple ball-handling, and sweeps around the ends. It will so tighten up the defense as to halt abruptly the plunging offense.

It so transforms the plans of a coach that there is just nothing left for him to do but grit his teeth, keep his fingers crossed, and pray for the breaks.

All season long a team might be pointing for a certain game with every practice session specifically directed toward it. Trick plays are kept carefully under cover. Joe Zilch, who never threw a forward pass in his career, is being drilled secretly day after day behind locked gates for the one toss that will confound the opposition. The defense is changed from a crashing one to a waiting one.

Then, on the day of days, lo and behold, the field is a sea of mud. The trick plays can't be worked. Joe Zilch can't throw that scoring forward pass, and the waiting defense has to be scrapped for the smashing one.

A muddy ball can't be passed around from hand to hand in one of those now-you-see-it-now-you-don't backfield maneuvers. There is too much chance of a fumble. The

BY JIM CROWLEY

Head Football Coach, Fordham University
as told to Arthur J. Daley

reverses can't work, since the quick turns and twists are too dangerous because of the slippery gridiron. The spinners are just as bad.

There's little left—a straight buck or a straight off-tackle slice. But the trouble by this time is that the defense tightens up right in front of you.

They know that you can't pass and can't sweep. So they mass around the middle and you spend the afternoon bumping your head into a stone wall.

You have only one recourse—a punt. The thing to do is to kick as soon as you gain possession of the ball and trust that a fumble will set you up very nicely over or near the opposing goal line.

But bad weather even changes your regular system of punting. Usually the kicker caroms the ball off the side of his foot. That accounts for those pretty spirals you like to see. But with a heavy ball, the kicker just meets it as best he can, and his main interest is to get it away, regardless of distance, height, direction, or form.

In other words the mud battles are punting duels, with the breaks deciding.

Remember the Notre Dame-Army encounter at Soldier Field in Chicago in 1930? The huge stadium was completely sold out days in advance, with some 120,000 customers eager to see whether a great cadet eleven could halt the two-year winning streak of the Ramblers.

But on the day of the game it rained. Only the most hardy of the ticket purchasers were willing to sit through one of the most thorough drenchings of their lives.

Marchmont Schwartz, Notre Dame back, finally made good with a long stabbing run. The Irish had a 7-0 lead.

Even though they were trailing, the cadets punted and punted. They were playing for the breaks. At last one came. The Irish kept backing up on the kicking exchange and, in desperation, had to boot out from behind the goal line. Army broke through and blocked the kick for a touchdown. That made the score 7-6, and everything hinged on the conversion of the extra point.

As the teams lined up for that vital play, Notre Dame went into the strangest and most unorthodox defensive formation that the sport ever has known. Please remember that in converting the point after touchdown it is permissible to do it by a kick, a pass, or a rush.

THE Irish sent eleven men up on the line of scrimmage in an effort to block that kick. It *had* to be a kick. The field was so bad by this time that no one could run with the ball, and the ball was such a logy bit of misshapen leather that no one could pass it either.

So from the freak formation the Irish blocked the kick and won the game.

Another blocked kick that was converted into a safety gave Fordham an 8-6 victory over Oregon State in the great naval encounter of 1932. This was one of the worst of all football games. If Oregon had not come so far in order to play, the game might well have been canceled.

The Polo Grounds was in such horrible shape that there actually was a miniature lake in front of the clubhouse.

Frequently in these swamp battles, the earnest young men in moleskins cannot distinguish friend from foe under the coating of mud. I know of one very unethical but enterprising young gentleman who was a component part of the rival huddle for three plays before he was discovered. However, he did stop a promising march.

There is a story about two players fighting bitterly for possession of a fumble, both so incased in mud that neither recognized the other as being a teammate. It took the referee, a very partial home towner, to awaken them to the fact.

He blew his whistle shrilly, tapped both of them on the shoulders, and remarked, "Don't fight for it, boys. It's *our* ball."

In my youth I was fortunate enough to escape with no more than two or three games in the mud. Yet it was in the mud that Ducky Pond rode to fame. The Yale-Harvard battle of 1923 served as the vehicle that transformed the present Yale coach from Raymond W. Pond to Ducky Pond.

His brilliant ball-carrying in the rain and mud was running the Harvards ragged. They could hardly hold their feet, but Ducky broke loose on run after run, as perfectly at home in the swampland as a duck.

He galloped the length of the field for the only touchdown of the afternoon. Two field goals made the final score 13-0, and the name of Ducky Pond had become a football byword for sure-footedness in wet weather.

The rain and the mud are not the only things that turn the form charts topsy-turvy. A strong wind may be almost as bad. For two quarters you have it at your back, and for the other two you have it rattling into your teeth.

WIND also calls for a change in strategy. Since your punter, who under normal conditions gets only forty yards, can pound the ball sixty or seventy yards with the wind, the thing to do is to utilize this advantage while you have it.

So you kick on first down. When the other team kicks back, you have gained some twenty yards or so on the exchange. Then you finally get the other fellow backed up to his goal line, he gets nervous, you block a punt, and have a touchdown.

When the teams change sides at the end of the quarter and you find that the gale is against you, the strategy changes with the field. Now you kick only on fourth down. You run your plays slower and stall for time. You are just going through the motions until you get that wind back again.

One of the most extraordinary wind-blown kicks on record was made by Kent Ryan of Utah State a season or so ago. The Mormons were battling Wyoming. Ryan was standing on his own twenty-yard line and he had to punt into a miniature cyclone. His kick went seventy yards—thirty-five up and thirty-five down—but when it came down it was in back of him, behind his own goal line.

That one had the officials stopped. Was it a touchdown, a touchback, or a safety? I dunno myself.

Cold weather does not provide the terrific handicaps that mud and wind do, but it does contribute a few puzzling conditions of its own. Cleats will not bite into the hard ground, and twisting runs therefore are practically impossible. But for a straightaway gallop it's perfect.

That was what gave Notre Dame a victory over Army at the Yankee Stadium one freezing day in 1929. The cadets had a grand running game and a great passing attack. Cagle faded back to pass. The ball spun toward the goal, but it never hit its target.

Jack Elder, fast Rambler backfield ace, intercepted that Cagle forward on the run and fled down the west side line. There was no twisting and turning in Elder's mad flight goalward. He darted over the hard turf faster than he ever could have gone on softer ground. It was the only score of the game.

Cold weather played an even stranger part in the championship battle between the New York Football Giants and the Chicago Bears a couple of years ago at the Polo Grounds. The Giants slipped all over the field for the first half, giving the Bears a two-touchdown lead. But for the second half the New Yorkers came out on the arctic waste wearing tennis shoes. They beat the Chicagoans, 30 to 13, their rubber-soled shoes enabling them to twist and turn and pivot with the insouciance of mountain goats. The Bears, in cleats, were helpless.

No one should ever depend on football weather. It is more variable than a woman. And that, you must agree, is *some* variability.

Old Man Weather plays more pranks
in football than in any other sport!
Here's inside dope on some of them

Casanova's Women:

GIANNETTA DISCARDS A LOVER

Our hero is lured by a charmer . . . and outplayed at his own game—A lively tale of the great gallant and his ladies

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



AT a convenient quai near the Piazza San Marco, Casanova went ashore and dismissed his gondolier for the night. There are times when you don't want your man along with you. Adjusting his mask, he walked along the water's edge toward another gondola, obviously waiting for a fare. The boat swayed up to take him on.

"Rio San Felice," he commanded, then bent his tall figure under the hood of the cabin, then sank abruptly among the cushions with the first push of the oar—then rose with still more speed as his left hand touched what he hadn't expected.

"Be reassured," said a pleasant voice. "I shan't hurt you."

In the dim light he could see a slender figure wrapped in black, and over her head a bit of lace to match—a domino, of course, concealing her face, all but the smiling lips, the white teeth. The Carnival had met him, you might say, on the doorstep.

"A thousand pardons," said he by way of overture. "I didn't know."

"Not so loud! The gondolier doesn't know, either."

"You would steal a ride from a Venetian? Can it be done?"

He thought she laughed. "We trap men into being useful. The gondolier is only a man."

With satisfaction he observed the vein of flint in her temperament. She would challenge him every step of the way. The evening would not be dull.

"You could mold us to any pattern; I see that," said he. "But what if the gondolier had stayed where he was? Only by chance did I land at that spot."

"An awful thought! You might not have come!"

"Nor another man—that's what I meant."

"Was it?"

He ignored his bad slip. "If no one had asked for transportation, you and the gondolier would have had stationary and monotonous hours."

"I knew I could count on you."

"On me?"

"You're the one who came, aren't you? It always seems fated after it happens."

Her answer didn't please. "You were waiting, then, for any man at all?"

She refused to retreat. "Were you looking for me, to keep the Carnival with you, or would you have been content with another girl under another mask?"

They were passing the Rialto, threading their way more slowly as the swarm of gondolas thickened. He shifted the talk, which threatened to be personal:

"How quiet they are! The gondoliers sing, but one is accustomed to that. Their passengers are dumb—you and I are alone."

He paused a second to consider the unique lack of song in their gondolier, then dismissed the phenomenon as unimportant.

"It's the spell of the night," he continued. "Words profane an hour like this."

"It's not the night alone," whispered his companion. "It's love. You know very well the gondoliers sing to hide their blushes."

Casanova slipped his left arm around her shoulders, and she leaned back, turning her face to his. Her eyes, so far as he could judge through the domino, were unusually fine.

"I should like," said he, "a kiss."

"In that case," said she—

Once she was in his arms, he learned more about her. A very beautiful woman.

"Not now—not yet," she whispered, holding his hand firmly. "The evening is young."

Evidently she reserved the unveiling of her soul till they should be safe from the gondolier's prying and eavesdropping.

"I told him the Rio San Felice. Where is he taking us?"

She drew his lips down to hers. "Does it matter?"

"Not to me—I said the Rio San Felice at random. But a gondolier has no choice; he should obey."

"Let me employ your words," she answered. "It's the spell of the night. He obeys our mood."

She leaned her head on his shoulder and he drew his arm closer around her; but the rapture of what she called



The woman watched, one hand on the harpsichord. "My courage is doubted by no one," said Casanova.

their mood was for him ruffled by the thought that he had not yet seized control of the evening. They had met by chance; she had guided the talk as she would; she had set the moment for their first kiss; and beyond that caress, which in the Carnival season is but courtesy, she had prescribed discretion. And now the gondolier was following his own whim. Casanova, who liked to be master of the moment, felt he had been, so far, but a guest.

Well, he would change that when they were alone.

They were nearing a *fondamenta*, a narrow waterway along a narrow street. "*Stai oh!*" called the gondolier in melancholy cadence, and the boat turned to the right. Casanova waited to see what the fellow would do next.

His companion lifted her head from his shoulder. "We might stop here, wouldn't you say?"

When he gave the signal, the boat turned to the street

side. They gained the pavement, and he offered the fare for two, watching the gondolier, then remembering you couldn't astonish a gondolier in Carnival.

"This section is unfamiliar," said Casanova, offering a protecting arm, "but there must be a place somewhere—"

"Yonder door."

"I don't know the house," protested Casanova.

"It is my home."

It was she who knocked, before he could raise his hand, and an old woman let them in.

"Has any one called?"

"No, signorina."

"I wish to be alone."

"Yes, signorina."

She led the way upstairs to a wide candlelighted ment. The paintings were choice, the carp

the window which overlooked the street stood a harpsichord. On a finely carved table, the other side of the room, were candies and cakes in silver dishes, with a decanter and two frail slender glasses. Casanova observed also the divan opposite the door, and the tall curtain beyond, leading, he supposed, to other apartments.

He turned quickly at the sound of a key. She had locked them in. He smiled. She threw aside the cloak and the lace and came challenging toward him in a green gown.

"Shall we unmask now, Signor Casanova?"

His hands were raised to untie the domino before he realized she had used his name.

"You recognized me?"

"The moment you came down the quai."

This remark also escaped him for a moment, as he saw for the first time her extraordinary features. She was very young. In her black hair, toward the right temple, there was a narrow streak of white, which she wore boldly, having no cause to fear age. Her eyes, set far apart, were neither black nor brown, but hazel, with glints of green, brought out by her dress. More than one race, he saw, had made her what she was, lovely and dangerous.

"Fortune was kind to me, signorina. You know my name—may I know yours?"

Smiling, she went to the table, filled the waiting glasses, offered the wine. "Signor, I drink to the great lover, to the incurable gambler, to the fatal swordsman, to the fabulous magician, to the artful storyteller, the hopeful writer of plays, to—"

"Signorina, I am only one man!"

"To my guest for the moment!"

"And to whom, signorina, may I drink?"

She laughed. "This one night I am Mystery."

Together they raised their glasses; then she seated herself on the divan.

"Will you stand so far off?"

He put the wineglass on the table and took his place beside her, not too close. The correctness of his deportment amused her.

"Well, Signor Casanova?"

Her tone said much. She was teasing him. She made him feel like a timid boy. He moved closer.

Under her window a gondola was passing, a merry group who had evidently dined well and were inclined to song. Casanova put his arm around her, to listen more comfortably.

"How persistent they are!" she exclaimed. "Always the same words, to say the same thing—*giovanezza . . . la luna . . . primavera . . . amore . . .* The Carnival wouldn't be happy with anything new."

"There's nothing new in love."

"Ah, you think not?"

"We wish it to seem different—we are glad it is changeless."

SHE laughed. "If you hadn't interrupted, I would have drunk a health to the philosopher." He turned sharply, remembering what he had wanted to ask. "How could you recognize me on the quai? Where have we met?"

Her eyes began to tease again. "I know all about you, Signor Casanova. You'd be astonished. You live with Signor Matteo Bragadin, the senator. This evening you came from his palace in San Marino."

Casanova was off guard. "Where did you learn that?"

She raised her lips for a kiss, her eyes still mocking him but her body trembling in his arms.

"Love!" she whispered. "Mine!"

He would continue the cross-questioning in a moment just then.

You saved the senator's life, he has adopted

you. For two weeks now you have been his son, with wealth at hand, and a noble home, and a serene world before you."

"All Venice knows that."

"But Venice doesn't know—why don't you sit in the corner of the divan and invite me to rest my head? There, that's better. Venice doesn't know you tire already of your good fortune. Tonight adventure called you. Carnival in Venice, and Giacomo Casanova shut up with an old man, discussing arts and letters! You begged the senator's permission to step out and inspect the weather. Unless I mistake, you promised to be home by ten."

Casanova was aware of the reddening of his face, an unaccustomed sensation.

"There! You cheated me of something else—I intended a health to Signor Casanova the violin player. You played in an orchestra."

"A cheap one—weddings and dances. Ah, that's where you saw me! At which dance?"

"The Carnaro wedding, where you first met Signor Bragadin. I watched you meet. I came down the stairs just behind you."

"Only a fortnight ago!" he reflected.

"Time enough for all that happened!"

"Had I but looked around as I descended those stairs—"

SHE laughed softly. "It would have done you no good. I had already found an escort."

Casanova did not approve of jealousy, but there it was. "Who is he?"

"Do you really wish to hear? It's all over now."

"In any case," said Casanova, recovering, "it's your life, not mine. Forgive the question."

She sat up and smoothed her hair. "There's nothing to hide. He's very handsome and doesn't know it—very serious and he doesn't know that either—very young—I didn't realize how young. With him it's all or nothing—you know the stage. He cherished the idea that I needed his constant protection. We never could get along."

"Was this his home?"

Her dignity rebuked him. "I had it from my father—it has always been mine."

"I spoke stupidly—again I ask forgiveness!"

She was done with teasing and banter, as he could tell from the sudden frankness of her eyes. "Signor Casanova, you could not stay indoors tonight; neither could I. Our reasons were not quite the same. You looked for a pretty mask to flirt with; I in dead earnest looked for you. I followed you from San Marino to the quai."

"Then that gondolier—"

"I was embarrassed to see you pay one of my servants, but I couldn't explain then. It was my wish, Signor Casanova, to turn the tables on you. Some woman should have done it long ago. You are said to pride yourself on your irresistible strategy, not to say charm. Tonight you are my conquest. Everything you have done since our meeting I willed you to do."

"If this is folly," said Casanova, polite but sincere, "I am glad to be a fool. If you willed this encounter, I am grateful. But never have I wronged you, signorina, and I can't explain the tone—shall I say of hostility?—which you now adopt."

"At the moment, to tell you half the truth, I have a score to settle with tall, handsome men."

As she spoke he saw the look of mischief return. She stood before him and held out her hands.

"But the score may go unsettled, Signor Casanova. The other half of the truth is, I love you."

He had risen when her hands asked, and as her voice

Passion Before Marriage!

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Passion Before Marriage!

sank with the tender words he drew her to his heart in a surge of longing. Here was no callous pleasuring such as he had planned—she had stirred his heart.

Leading her toward the divan once more, he tried with one free hand to unfasten the green gown; but she put up her own hands to rescue the garment.

"And I thought you were skillful about such things! I'll need that dress again!"

He had just laid aside his sword and was busy folding his coat over the back of a chair, when the door lock rattled. He picked up his sword again.

"Quite safe," she laughed. "I'm glad I turned that key—one always should, in Carnival." Her laugh, he thought, was recklessly audible.

She arranged the cushions on the divan and reached out to him her beautiful arms. "At last! How I have dreamed! Ah, love of mine! Ah—"

A tall man, handsome, young, and angry, pulled aside the curtain.

"I obey your command, Giannetta—I am here!"

Casanova got to his feet with what dignity the situation permitted. Giannetta—if that was her name—stayed where she was, admirably self-possessed.

"You intrude," she said, "most offensively, as usual."

With a dangerous glint in his eye, the young man moved toward the divan. "At your invitation, which I see now was a parting insult."

"Signor," said Casanova, "consider the insult was from me!"

The young man smiled bitterly. "I know her too well. You and I have no quarrel—we are fellow victims."

Giannetta sat up, too angry to think of her appearance. "Leave at once—through the kitchen, as you came in!"

He stood there, despising her. She glanced up as if asking aid.

"Signor," said Casanova, "you and I, to echo your words, have as yet no quarrel; but you are not wanted here."

"Ah, but I am! How else could the torture and the humiliation be perfect? It was not enough that I must make way for a happier man—she had to exhibit herself in your arms."

Giannetta rose to her feet. "Signor Casanova—"

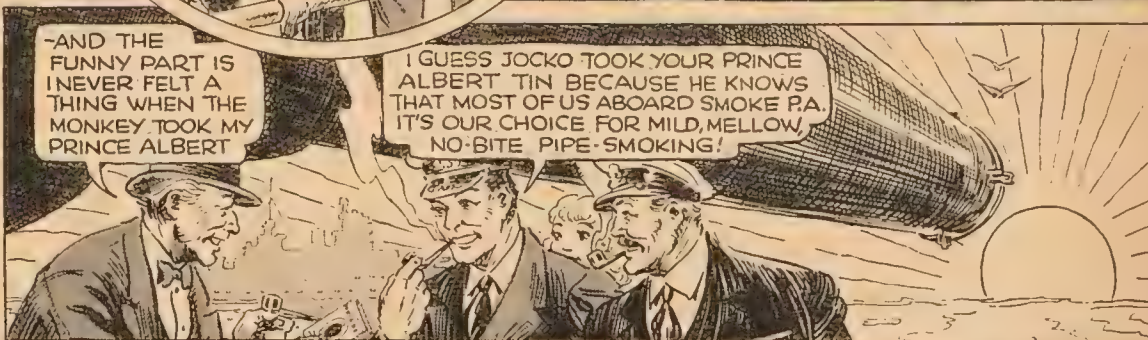
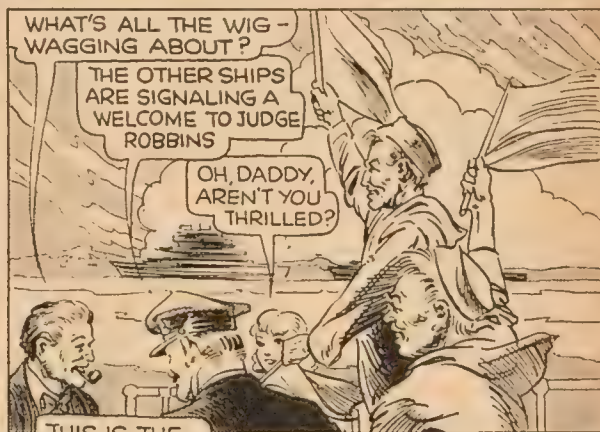
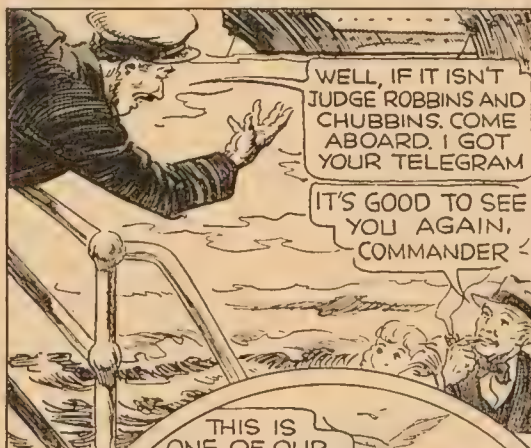
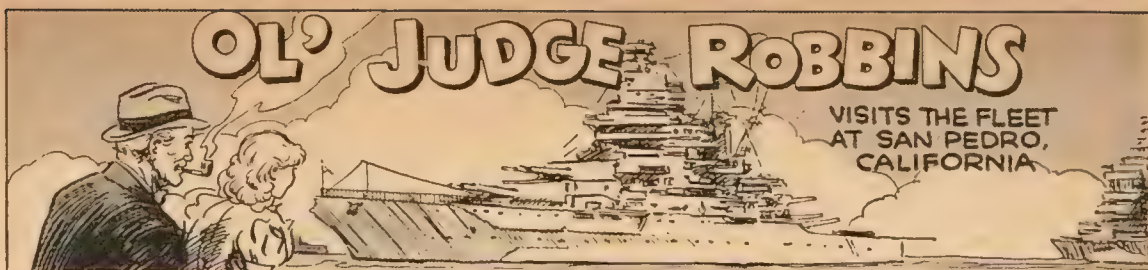
At the name the young man was startled. "Casanova! That explains all!"

It explains nothing that you could understand! I wish to offer my apology to Signor Casanova for this outrage, which I could not prevent and which he, it seems, cannot cure."

Casanova was stung by the taunt. "Signor, will you leave us? Or do you prefer to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman?"

"No fighting!" exclaimed the woman.

"It will not be necessary," said the young man. "Though I have the right, I shall not ask Signor Casanova to explain his presence. I shall explain mine, then I shall go."



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"You will go now! You are intolerable! I did not invite you here. My door was locked."

"I know what that means—I have seen you lock it before. Signor Casanova, from the day I met this woman till a moment ago, I have loved her. No wonder that you too love her. Early this week she told me—"

"That," said Casanova, "is not for my ears. Again I ask you to choose. Will you leave us?"

"Let him say his say," interrupted the woman. "The boy has been drinking."

The youth ignored her. "She told me she had found a better man. Heaven knows it was possible, but could I give her up, run away, forget? When I pleaded, she said the world was wide enough for us both, if I would keep to the other end of it. I told her the only world I knew was at her feet."

Casanova was thinking hard. "I no longer offer you a choice—I offer my sympathy instead. Since the signorina wishes to be alone, I suggest that we leave together."

He took his coat from the back of the chair. But the woman caught his hand. "Not yet! You must hear the truth! I never loved him! He pursued me like a pest! I could not be kind to him as he wished, but I was kind when I told him, for his own sake, to stay away."

YOUR account is kind to yourself," said the young man firmly. "You swore that if I returned, it would be for the last time. As though a threat could frighten me!" He looked at Casanova. "You are as yet quite safe, signor—there is no poison in her wine; not at first."

The woman, still clinging to Casanova's arm, smiled disdainfully. In his right hand he held his sword, point down.

"Have you finished your speech?" she asked.

"Almost. Signor Casanova, I sent her a message yesterday. Since there must be a last time, I proposed tonight. Here is her answer."

He held out a folded paper. Casanova shifted his sword to his left hand and read the single line:

Be it as you will. Come.

"You wrote it yourself!" cried the woman. "That is not my hand!"

"Indeed it is not. Your precautions were flawless. . . . Signor Casanova, I regret any inconvenience I caused you. . . . Giannetta, my love has suddenly died. I leave you gladly."

He bowed and reached back to draw the curtain.

"Your letter, signor," said Casanova, moving free of the woman's hand.

"It is hers; it served her well."

She smiled in that mischievous way which Casanova had found attractive. "If you are giving back what doesn't belong to you, why not let me have the kitchen key?"

The young man turned red, pulled the key from his trouser pocket,

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tossed it on the floor. She waited till Casanova picked it up and handed it to her.

"We are almost at the end," she continued. "I suppose you will repeat elsewhere what you have said here."

"Never. I shall never speak of you again."

"That promise sounds very familiar."

"This time, Giannetta, the promise will be kept."

"What a discouragement you are to Christian charity! You had a kiss from me, and you told!"

His embarrassment was plain. "Only my brother! From him, as you knew, I have no secrets."

"He passed on the story to one who shared it with another, till it came back to me."

His face lighted with sudden comprehension. "Signor Casanova, I was indeed her lover, proud of it, and my brother recognized my good fortune."

Her eyes flashed. "Very pleasant for me, your public compliments! I was to take the shock of them and forgive—a defenseless woman at your mercy!"

Casanova began to put on his coat. They would be barking at each other for hours. Never in his life had he felt so superfluous. What did he care which had the right of it? Ignoble, comic, degrading! The woman was not at all beautiful. They wouldn't miss him. He buckled on his sword, took his hat from the chair. He would bid her good night as soon as she paused for breath.

"They were lies, every syllable! When next you fall into a bad temper, you will embellish them. By the time they come back to me—"

The young man smiled and waved a contemptuous hand. "But they won't. Your new lover may adore you henceforth in peace. I wish him joy. Good-bye!"

Silence for a moment. Then, as his footsteps left the carpet and sounded, far off, across the kitchen floor, she smiled.

"My thanks for the entertainment, signorina. I too say farewell."

The smile left her face. "But you are not going, Signor Casanova! Oh, that wretched boy! He has spoiled all!"

"On the contrary, signorina." He kissed her hand and went to the door.

"In this lock, signorina, the key still rests. May I let myself out?"

SHE hurried after him, carrying her green gown, nervously covering herself. "You believe what he said of me!"

Casanova kept his hand on the knob. "I believe you have been very cruel. He could be no match for you. He is pathetically young. His indiscreet words, I gather, annoyed some lover of yours, certainly not me. Why you brought me here when you expected him, I cannot understand."

In desperate haste she was slipping the gown over her head. "Listen, Si-

gnor Casanova—be fair! I didn't mention a lover! I said—"

The young man, in a remarkable state of confusion, stuck his head through the curtain. "I'm sorry, Giannetta, but I must borrow that key. When I came in I locked the kitchen door."

"You always do," she said, going back to the divan. "Now where did I put it? Signor Casanova was right—you are pathetically young."

To a spirit like his, mangled and mortified, the words were flame. "Did you say that, Signor Casanova?"

"In no unworthy sense. My meaning was—"

"Did you say it?"

"Were you patient but for a moment—"

With his glove the young man struck Casanova across the mouth—stepped back to the middle of the room—drew his sword.

The woman, her eyes glittering in the candlelight, watched from near the window, out of the way, one hand resting on the harpsichord.

"My courage is doubted by no one," said Casanova. "If it distresses you to be called young, let me withdraw the words and put it another way: I am old enough to see through your eyes and forget you struck me."

The honest tone, the evident friendliness, melted the boy. But as he was putting away his sword the woman laughed softly.

"On guard, Signor Casanova!"

HAD he been less than master of the art, Casanova would have fallen with his rapier still in the scabbard, so abrupt and furious was the attack. He could not retreat—the door was behind him. He could only parry, and maneuver for an opening to disarm the madman. But it wouldn't be easy. The boy could fence—meant murder—pressed the least advantage. Mere parrying wouldn't do. God, what a thrust! Another such and—there it is!

Casanova leaned back against the door as the young man sank at his feet, the rapier through his heart.

The woman spoke first, courteous and calm. She had hardly stirred from the harpsichord. "You have my thanks, Signor Casanova. Perhaps you ought to go now. I can manage the rest."

He stared at her. In the canal below a gondola was passing, the merry party on their way home, still singing. The woman at the harpsichord turned her head to listen.

When the night was quiet again, Casanova cleaned his sword on the rich carpet, where the woman at the harpsichord could see what he was doing.

"I was trapped!"

"How so, signor?"

"Trapped into being useful. On your hands the blood doesn't show."

In the gondola gliding toward San Marino, he hoped the kind old senator was not waiting up for him.

THE END

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AMBUSH

BY ROBERT RAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

UNDER cover of a smoke-vomiting truck three super-gangsters, "the Duke," "Bugs," and Pete, rob the Bank of the Pacific in Los Angeles shortly after the noon hour, and kill seven persons. The city is in a tumult.

Unseen, unknown, the hold-up trio escape to their rendezvous in the outskirts of the town. But to their dismay they discover that another truck, which was to be used in their real getaway that night, is out of commission. It looks as if their perfect crime has struck a snag.

In their suburban bungalow they employ a young chap, Jim Langford, a weakling addicted to drink, who is a mechanical genius and the designer of their hellish truck. His sister, Jane, holds a position in the looted bank. Recognizing the smoking hold-up vehicle as one her brother worked on, Jane rushes to the bungalow where he has been doing his mysterious job.

Unwittingly she traps herself. Trying to rescue her brother, she is overcome by the three desperadoes, who plan to use her as a catspaw in a diabolical scheme to save themselves. Primarily it is Pete's idea.

Deliberately Pete shoots Jim Langford in the shoulder, coolly telling Jane that now, if they are caught, her brother will be held to have been wounded in the bank robbery, and that she, as an employee of the institution, will be considered their inside accomplice. So, to save her beloved Jim and herself, she must save the three thugs too.

"You devil!" she gasps.

And when Jane, helpless in their hands, wonders how she can possibly serve their incriminating purpose, Pete says he has an inspiration. By carefully following his instructions she will obtain the safest of getaway trucks for them!

PART TWO—A DISTURBING PRISONER

THE amplifiers on top of the Green Lion Superservice Station office had blared, "Tony Andrews," five times before a husky young man, whose face was tanned and freckled, finally ambled across the drive, wiping grease from his hands with an oily rag.

The man at the phone held out the receiver and glanced at a fellow attendant across the room. "He remembered his name!" he exclaimed. "This makes twice since March!"

Tony Andrews grinned and took up the phone.

"Tony Andrews speak— Oh, hello, Mrs. Simonetti! What? . . . Who did? . . . Oh, say—I'm sure sorry!" He listened; looked at the attendant and winked. "Gosh! That's certainly terrible! Well, look, Mrs. Simonetti. You get it cleaned up and everything fixed, and I'll make it right with you next trip."

He hurriedly hung up.

"Whew!" he breathed, patted his pockets, and motioned to the attendant. "Give us a cigarette, Mike. I left mine in the truck. That was Mrs. Simonetti—landlady." He chuckled, embarrassed. "I turned on the water and undressed to take a bath, and then forgot about it. I got to thinking. . . . Well, I guess I'll get along. Say, did they get any trace of those bank bandits yet?"

For a girl's freedom, three men miss the swift excitement of



Tony dived for the gun, but as he bent

must die—Can she escape?.....Don't following this tense tale to its finish



for it, Pete clipped him over the head.

The other attendant, who had gone out to attend to a customer, returned. "You have a caller, Mr. Andrews," he announced sweetly, nodding toward the parking line.

Tony and Mike both looked. A young smartly dressed woman was standing beside the cab of the big red Master truck with the Apex beer signs on the enclosed body, plainly looking for the driver.

Mike snapped his fingers. "Two bits she wants a ride to Needles!"

Tony's homely face changed; its good nature vanished. "Two bits she don't ride *my* truck!"

Jane Langford watched him come toward her. She had left the house on Hereford Drive in the Ford coupé driven by Albert, who had let her out on Whittier and returned; from Whittier she had called a taxi, and had left it only a few minutes before a block and a half away, and walked to the Green Lion lot as instructed.

Tony stepped by her without a look, and opened the cab door to climb in.

"Pardon me," she said. "Are you going to Needles?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"May I ride with you, please?"

"No, ma'am!" positively.

"But why?" she protested. "Wait! Why not take me?"

"Lady," he explained, "I was bit once, and once is plenty."

"Bit?"

"'Bitten,' if you insist. I went to school too, but I got over it." He eyed her with uncompromising distaste. "Two months ago I gave a dame a ride—right from the station here, too. When we got to Needles she wanted to borrow fifty bucks. I turned her down. So she was going to have me pinched."

"Pinched?" Jane frowned. "But for what?"

Tony smiled acidly. "She was an innocent little thing, too. What do you think for?" He cynically eyed her. "The gal was going to claim I done her wrong—see? Away out there in the solitudes of the desert."

He turned decisively back to the cab.

"Wait!" she begged. "Please wait! This isn't a—trap." And despised herself for lying. "I'll pay you! I'll give you fifty dollars." She fumbled in her bag.

Tony's expression changed. His eyes squinted as he studied her. "If you're not broke, what's the matter with the trains?"

"I—I can't take a train."

"Kill somebody?"

"Oh, no! No! I—"

"Steal that money you're offering me?"

"No! I didn't steal anything. I—"

He interrupted brusquely: "O. K.! Never mind." And opening the cab door, he said, "Get in."

After he had helped her to the seat he stood waiting.

"Oh—" She reopened her bag.

"Keep your dough," he told her shortly, and closed the door, walked around the front, and got in behind the wheel.

JANE said, in sudden remembrance: "Which way do you go out of town?"

"Alameda—Valley Boulevard," he answered grumpily.

"Why? You want to pick the route too?"

"My suitcase!" she exclaimed in well simulated dismay. "I simply *must* have it! I left it home when I came downtown. You see, I wasn't sure I could get a ride—"

He eased the truck into the street. "Where d'you live?"

"On Hereford Drive, east of Atlantic, near Ninth. Oh, could you possibly—"

He got the gears into intermediate and made the Go sign by a hair, continuing straight across Alameda, out Seventh. She relaxed with a sigh of relief. Then three motorcycle police came hurtling after them with screaming sirens, against the signal, and dread stiffened her, breathless, against the seat; but they swept on down the street ahead.

"Women!" Tony muttered bitterly, following the progress of the mounted officers with ill-natured eyes. "You're all the same. I never knew a woman yet didn't hide behind her skirts."

Jane laughed—mostly in weak relief from her wild panic. Then she became sober. "Are you married?"

He snorted: "Me? Ha!"

Neither had anything to say for a while after that. Tony was busy getting the heavily loaded truck through traffic, and Jane Langford was face to face again with the thing her shocked brain had refused to consider during the past thirty minutes.

Her brother, if caught, would surely hang. No jury on earth would believe the true story of his unwitting involvement in the bank hold-up, or the facts behind his wounding. And *had* his part been unwitting?

Her own position was still not fully realized. She could not excuse herself for what she was doing now; she did not try. She roused abruptly from abstraction to direct the driver to the Hereford Drive bungalow.

Tony shut off the motor. "Step on it, will you? I want this load three hundred miles from here by midnight, and it's three o'clock now."

"I'll hurry," she promised, starting to get out. "Won't you come in for a minute? I think my brother's home, and I'm sure he has beer in the refrigerator, if you'd like a cold bottle. You might as well have it; it won't take any longer than if you waited out here."

"Well—ummm—" He grinned, half embarrassed. "Suppose I might as well. It is hot, isn't it?" He made a pass with the back of his hand at a brow entirely free of perspiration.

They entered the silent house.

"I guess Jim must be still asleep," she said. "He works nights." She took off her hat and tossed it and her bag on to the davenport. The hall door, opening off the dining room, was open to a thin crack.

"Come on out to the kitchen," she invited, not looking at him. "I'll get you the beer and then I'll—get ready." She pushed open the swinging door and he followed her.

It stayed open at right angles, as swinging doors do. Between door edge and door frame was a space of about an inch and a half. Through that small space Tony saw a body blocking it. He didn't stop, or perceptibly hesitate.

Jane was at the refrigerator at the opposite wall, her back turned. On the gas stove just to his left there was a heavy aluminum saucepan over a burning jet, three quarters full of bubbling hot water. Albert had been heating it for use on Jim Langford's wounded shoulder.

With his left hand Tony grabbed the handle of the pan and swung it in an arc. The boiling contents struck full in the face of the man behind the door.

There was a scream of mortal pain, and Bugs came squalling and clawing out like a wounded cat. He threw his gun from him in an excess of agony.

"Brothers," Tony gritted, "shouldn't hide behind doors!" And clipped him under the jaw with a short left hook. The howls stopped, and Bugs fell back against the sink and sagged to the floor.

Then Tony heard a sound behind him and dived for the gun where it had fallen near the refrigerator; but as he bent for it, Pete, who had come tearing out of the hall at the uproar, clipped him over the head with the barrel of his.

WHEN Tony became conscious, he was in a deep over-stuffed chair, lying with his head against the back. Near him a radio was going. Then some one shut it off.

Tony opened his lids to narrow unnoticeable slits. Opposite, in the dining-room archway, he made out the standing figure of the girl. He asked, without opening his eyes any farther, "Could I have that beer now?"

He got immediate attention—from the Duke, who was bandaging Jim Langford's shoulder as he lay stretched out on the davenport; from Bugs, tenderly manipulating salve into his scalded and blistering face. Pete kicked his sprawled feet and growled:

"Hey, you! How long you been fakin'?"

Tony winced and put a hand to his head.

"Come on!" Pete commanded. "We wanta talk to you!"

Tony opened one eye and painfully squinted. "Look," he asked. "Was the beer just a gag, too? Give me something for this head if you want me to talk sense."

Pete looked to Jane. "Get him a bottle," he ordered. "Bring him some aspirin, Miss Langford," Albert called. "You'll find it in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom."

Pete picked the whisky bottle off the end table, unscrewed the cap, and handed it to Tony. "Here—take a good swig of this first."

Tony did. In a second he was on his feet, gasping and choking. Jane hurried with the beer and a glass. Pete took the bottle from her, grinning widely, and put it in Tony's hands. Tony drank half of it at one gulp. Then he sat down. He finished the beer and sadly shook his head.

"If you boys been drinkin' that stuff, it's no wonder you took to robbing banks."

THE caution of the hunted wiped all other expression from the faces around him. Jane Langford, returning with the aspirin, halted.

Pete asked, ominously gentle, "What do you know about the bank robbery?"

"Simple deduction," Tony modestly deprecated. "First, I'm tricked by a beautiful girl"—he bowed gallantly toward Jane, advancing slowly through the dining room—"Make a note of that, will you, Miss Langford? Second—"

"How d'you know her name?" Pete demanded suspiciously.

Tony's brows lifted. "My dear Watson! He"—indicating the Duke—"just used it. And she told me on the way here. Second," he continued, "the beautiful gal's companions lie in wait to ensnare me. They have guns. They get rough—but not too rough. Because I'm brought here, I figure you need the truck. Because I don't get hurt very bad when I'm slapped down, I figure you need me. Then, just as I came out of it a few minutes ago, I heard the radio announcement about the bank robbery and reward, and you shut it off right in the middle, where an innocent listener would've wanted to hear more. Deduction, my unobservant friend, simple but neat."

Bugs growled bitterly, "Wise mug!"

Tony's grin widened as he looked across the room at the scalded gunman. "I sure made a basket shot to your kisser, guy!"

Bugs started up, reaching for his gun. Pete ordered, "Cut it out! Set down!" And after a moment looked back to Tony. "You quit talkin' about it."

"He did the shooting in the bank," Tony remarked.

"Shut up!" Pete roared. Then his fury diminished. "How'd you know? You know too damned much!"

Tony shrugged. "Elementary. He's the type. Always reachin' for a gun. The doc there"—nodding at Albert, who was holding Bugs down in a chair—"uses his hands. You use your voice. Say, Miss Langford," he grinned at the girl in the archway, "reckon there's another cold bottle in the icebox?"

She smiled in return, a white-lipped strained smile. "I'll see," and started for the kitchen.

Bugs snarled at Albert, "O. K. Let loose of me! But when we're out of this, I'll get that rat!"

Tony's grin faded; he looked coldly at the baited gunman. "You won't need help to find me, woman killer. If I had a gun—"

Pete jerked the automatic from his shoulder clip. "I've got one! One more peep like that outa you, an' I'll use it!"

Tony started another shrug; started to say, "O. K.," and stopped with a faraway look in his eyes.

"We been wastin' too damned much time on you already," Pete cried angrily. "Get out there an' drive that truck back to the garage. I'll be standin' on the front porch, and if you make one crooked move—" he raised the gun.

"Aw, shucks!" Tony protested. "Let's quit snappin' at each other and get down to cases. I'm willing to play ball with you boys if you make it worth my while."

Pete winked at Albert. "Now, ain't that just dandy! The kind young man is goin' to help us, Duke." His smile disappeared, replaced by disgust. "Do we look dumb, you poor sap?"

Tony shook his head emphatically. "No. And you don't act dumb, either. The way this thing's been pulled is the neatest I ever heard of. The whole thing shows brains." He looked up, unsmiling, shrewd. "Your brains—eh, Pete?"

There was a flicker, very faint, behind the heavy lids. "And the truck," Tony continued, admiration creeping into his voice. "There's genius for you! Pure genius! You get out of town just as quick as the Lord'll let you, but you go in a big slow truck on a regular haul, taking the most dangerous route, right through the bottleneck of Cajon Pass. And you even get the truck in a way that can't be traced. Oh, say!" He noticed Jane waiting with the beer. "Would you mind letting the lady through? Thanks! And thank *you*, Miss Langford. Say, could I have that aspirin now, too? Headache's about gone," he grinned up at Pete; "but you sure hit me one heck of a wallop!"

He took the aspirin and drank half the beer.

Albert asked, "And what would you say would make it 'worth your while,' Mr.—"

"Andrews." Tony looked up. "Tony Andrews. Why—let's see. Ummm—truck's worth three thousand; I own that. Job pays two fifty a month net—one year, three thousand. That makes six. Mortgage on the ranch, five thousand. Eleven. Then I'd have to buy stock. Ummm—Tell you what!" He slapped a hand decisively on the chair arm. "That guy on the radio"—he motioned toward the instrument—"said the rewards total fifteen thousand. They'll go up, but we'll say fifteen thousand. That's fair."

"All we need, guy," Pete said, "is your truck and a few hours' start. And I guess you'd keep pretty quiet with a lead slug holdin' you down."

"Oh, sure!" Tony agreed, taking another mouthful of beer. "And you'd probably get along swell till you hit Cajon Pass. But you wouldn't make the Summit in that truck in a million years."

Bugs sneered, "What'd stop us? I can push one of them Masters to hell and back."

"You'd push mine to hell, all right," Tony agreed, "but not back. There's one road through the Pass; it's always patrolled; tonight it'll be alive with cops. They'll be stopping everything, checking drivers, passengers, licenses, and loads. I've been driving the route from here to Needles and back, two round trips a week, sometimes three, fifty-two weeks a year, for three years. Me and that big red baby out there are as well known as day and night, and just as noticeable. It pays to be noticeable in my business, and I'm a damned good business man." He raised the bottle again. "I'm not dumb. You're not leaving witnesses behind that know too much. You been figuring on taking me out on the desert somewhere, to wherever you got the plane cached; use me for the ride—then curtains." He lowered the bottle without drinking. "I want fifteen grand and an 'in' on your outfit. A good organization can always use brains. You've got plenty, Pete—so have I."

At mention of the plane Albert had started perceptibly. Pete's voice came, almost violently restrained, "What the hell do you know about a plane?"

Tony set the bottle down on the floor, took a handkerchief from his hip pocket and wiped his lips.

"I'm just giving you credit for as much brains as I've got myself. You wouldn't've picked my truck unless you wanted to get out on the desert between here and Needles. The Desert Liquor Company name on the cab was a giveaway to the dame. All right. You can't hide in the desert country. Nobody but a doggoned fool would try to escape a police net by taking that road, unless somewhere not far out they had something waiting to lift them clean out of the country. And that something would have to be a plane."

Bugs jumped to his feet, jerked out his gun, and cried, "Hell—it's a frame-up! That skirt's framed us!"

"Be quiet!" Albert admonished. "She couldn't know. Jim didn't know. No one knew about the plane except we three."

Pete plopped down in a big chair and looked at Albert, who leaned against the mantel soberly considering their

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disturbing prisoner. Jane Langford sat on the edge of one of the dining-room chairs, a few feet beyond the arch, and watched Tony Andrews' homely freckled face with sick doubt and desperate hope and worry in her dark eyes. On the davenport Jim Langford leaned against the pillows, restless with pain and fever. Tony lit a cigarette.

"You are a very remarkable young man," Albert murmured. "Courageous, cool-headed, quick, and brainy. But definitely dangerous. I am afraid the brain power of which you boast is just a little *too* dangerous. You probably lie as easily as you deduce. Why should you, a law-abiding, respected, and substantial young business man, suddenly decide to turn outlaw? It doesn't make sense."

Tony clasped his hands across his waistline, leaned his elbows on the chair arms and his head back.

"Well, sir—before repeal I had a ten-thousand-gallon still up in the hills on the Nevada side of the line. Made some of the cleanest alky in the country. I had one truck then, too, and drove it myself. Aged my stuff—put it in charred kegs and planted it in the sand. Always had a rotten memory, but I never forgot a keg. I clear two fifty a month now, hauling legal liquor; in those days I averaged two thousand. Where is it now? Ask the coppers." He lifted his head, and his full good-humored lips curled in bitterness. "Protection! The dirty double-crossing lice!"

"Hell!" Pete exclaimed. "Was you in the alky racket too?"

"Business," Tony corrected. "A good, clean, legitimate business. I made good stuff and I sold it right."

"Yeah!" Pete giped. "And got put through the cleaners."

"Sure—I admit it. Only thing I saved out of the smash was a little ranch I'd bought back home in Wyoming when I had plenty. So I put a plaster on it for enough to carry me over and pay for a new truck. Now the truck's paying the mortgage and I'm getting a bare living where I used to toss hundreds around like chicken feed. There's decent cops, all right—I know some; but a badge smells of skunk to me, and I still hate their guts!"

Now, temporarily, suspicion was gone from Pete.

"Hell," he boasted, "I was in the racket when it was good! Bugs and me. We—"

"Sure, I know," Tony interrupted. "You're Big Pete Sloan. You were too big for your own good when the blow-off came. They got Capone, and then you. They couldn't get you for anything but income-tax evasion, and you began using your head and played ball. You got five years, a hundred-grand fine, and time off for good behavior. And you're using your head again when you get out of town quick after today's job. The first copper sees you might recognize you and pick you up on general principles—and you can't take a chance on that."

Pete frowned. "You got brains, all right; maybe too many, like the Duke just said. How'd you happen to know so much about me?"

Tony shrugged negligently. "You were big news when they put you in, and big news when they let you out. You haven't been out only a few months. They said, I remember, that you came out broke. . . . Am I in for fifteen grand, or does the poached egg over there try getting through with my truck?"

Pete had retreated again behind lowered lids. He glanced at Albert, and back to Tony, and said, "We got a gunner, and a flyer and a mechanic. We're buildin' an organization. Yeah—we can use you. You're in—but, by the holy baldhead, you can go out like a light."

They started work on the truck at four, and it took them a solid two hours. Jim Langford was in no condition to use the tools, but he sat on an overturned box and directed Albert and Tony in their use, while Pete and Bugs moved the load in the big van body.

There was one tier of steel beer barrels on the floor of the truck, and above these and to within two or three feet of the roof were piled, tightly, cases of bottled and canned beer. They took out two rows of cases in the middle, then removed six rows at the front and clear across the full width of the body, taking them out through the aisle they had provided down the center of the load, and piling them up on the garage floor.

In the space which had been cleared at the front end, and on top of the tier of steel barrels, they constructed a framework, strongly braced, between the load of cases and the front of the body. This left a space about six feet by eight, in which it was possible to stand.

They then reloaded the big body to within a couple of inches of the roof, clear to the back end, which was open but equipped with folding steel gates; and unless an inspector should order almost the entire load removed, there was no possibility that the empty space would be discovered.

Tony removed the cab's rear window, its frame, and the seat cushions. With a torch, he cut out of the back of the cab a section a foot wider than the window space and reaching from within an inch or two of the angle of the cab roof and wall to an inch below the top edge of the back cushion. From the van body, which fitted tight against the rear of the cab, a section of the same size was removed. Thus was provided, through the rear of the cab, an entrance approximately two by three feet into the space made vacant in the front end of the body.

A piece was cut from the body section slightly larger than the window frame in the cab section, so that when the window frame was replaced this cut would be invisible from the cab. Small swivel clamps were spot-welded around the edge of the opening, so that the small cut-out could be put back in place and firmly clamped on from inside.

Leaving out the window glass, its frame was replaced and the cab and body sections welded together around the outer edges. Strap iron an inch and a half wide was welded on to all four edges, each piece overlapping three quarters of an inch. Larger and stronger swivel clamps were welded to the back, and when the complete section was put into place, the strap iron served excellently as molding and effectively covered the torch cuts.

Pete got into the cleared space in the front of the truck and clamped the large cut-outs into place from inside. Then he experimented with the small cut-out which had been provided for easy observation and control of the driver and the road ahead.

Albert, meanwhile, had gone to a paint store on near-by Whittier Boulevard, where he matched, in a quick-drying enamel, a small paint chip taken from the cab interior. He also bought several pounds of plaster of Paris.

The strap iron was painted to match the rest of the cab, and all chipped and burned spots were neatly covered over. Then the cushions were replaced, and it would have taken an extraordinarily keen observer to have noticed anything strange about Tony Andrews' big Master.

Observing the operation of the small removable panel in the rear window space, visualizing a gun in the hand of a watcher there, at the driver's back, Tony decided that if his own plans went wrong he would probably first realize failure in another and far better world.

Big Pete had certainly fallen for his line; yes, he had—in a pig's eye!

Pete said aside to Albert, "If you'll keep them in the house, we'll change the spares." Then he went over to Tony. "You go with the Duke and get a couple mattresses to lay on top of them beer barrels. Better get some blankets and a pillow for the kid, too. Jim," he turned to young Langford, "you go lay down till we get ready to start. Feed him aspirin, Duke."



When Tony became conscious he was in a deep overstuffed chair.

When they entered the house Jane came swiftly to her brother and put an arm about his shoulders and led him to the couch. Tony noticed that her eyes were red, as though from weeping. He went on into the bedroom and stripped the beds in two quick jerks, and came back into the living room.

Albert was giving young Langford aspirin and taking his pulse. Tony watched curiously as the lanky Englishman reassured the nervous and distraught girl. "He'll be comfortable and can sleep in the truck, Miss Langford, and we'll get him to a doctor first thing in the morning."

She asked, "Do you think there is any—danger?"

"No. He is young and strong, and the wound is clean. The cheap liquor he has taken into his system today has almost as much to do with his present condition as the wound itself."

"Bank guard get him?" Tony inquired.

They both looked up. Jane immediately lowered her eyes again.

"No." Albert got up from where he'd been sitting on the edge of the davenport. "Pete shot him." He glanced at the girl and back to Tony. "Suppose you get Miss Langford to tell you about it. There'll be a few minutes until I'm ready to help with the mattresses. You may as well sit down and rest; there's a long drive ahead."

Tony nodded agreeably. "Good idea." And sat down in a big chair near the arch. Albert disappeared into the bedrooms, and could be heard pulling drawers open, evidently making sure nothing would be left behind.

Jane sat with her hand on her brother's forehead. His eyes were closed.

Tony asked, "Why *did* Pete shoot him?"

"To be sure I wouldn't go to the police when they sent me for the truck." She didn't look at him.

HE frowned. "But I thought—" "I know what you thought. Well, I'm not! I'd seen them all only once before today—once when I came here to see Jim. I don't know why I should explain to you. You seem to be almost as bad as they are—bargaining with them for money—the money they killed to—"

"Give it a try," he invited.

She looked up at him swiftly. After a minute she stood up, walked to the arch, and looked a moment toward the bedrooms, listening. Albert was audibly occupied. She pulled a chair near Tony and sat down.

"I work in the Bank of the Pacific main office," she began, keeping her voice low and talking fast. "No one knows I have a brother; in fact, he is only my half-brother; his name is really Wilson, not Langford. He has been using Langford for the past few months. At the time I got the job, a couple of years ago, Jim was under arrest. He served a year in the penitentiary for complicity in a counter-

feiting scheme. That was back East. He got off with a light sentence because he's only twenty-three now and it was his first offense. And it was proved at the trial that the real criminals had more or less tricked him into using his mechanical inventiveness. They had some unusual, practically foolproof method of making the bills.

"About three months ago Jim got out and came out here. We haven't any other family, and we're fond of each other. He rented this house and seemed to have plenty of money, and I was worried. But he got a job in a garage, worked steadily, and apparently he wasn't drinking. He said he wanted the house because he wanted to live alone, to be quiet, and be able to think and get himself straightened out.

THEN, about a month ago I called the garage one day and learned he'd quit his job. I came out here that evening and found him at work on a truck in the garage, back of the house. There was some queer-looking machinery in it. He said it was new outdoor sound equipment he had invented and sold to one of the motion-picture studios, and that he was getting a lot of money for it. I believed him, and was excited and glad.

"Then, today, after the robbery and the—murders—I looked out the bank window. I'd heard the commotion in the streets, of course—heard shouts about a truck. The police and firemen were hacking and pounding their way into the truck Jim had been working on in the garage here. I recognized it instantly—there could be no mistake. I believe I fainted for a minute. As soon as I could get away without being seen, I came here. I remembered the three men who had called on Jim just as I was leaving, the night I first saw the truck. I remembered their faces, and I knew what they were and what a fool I'd been. So I stopped at my apartment on the way, ran in through the back, and got a small gun I've owned a long time. I didn't know exactly what I was going to do, except get Jim away, even if I had to shoot some one to do it. Oh, it's been a nightmare!"

Tony Andrews' eyes had become as cold as blue ice and held steadily to her face.

"The one they call Pete," she went on, "conceived the idea of shooting Jim so they would have a hold over me and could trust me to go for the truck." She looked directly at Tony. "I deliberately tricked you into this—"

Tony put a hand quickly on her arm. "Hold it!" he cautioned in a low voice. The back door had quietly opened. He cried heartily, "Oh, Jim'll be all right! The Duke says we'll have him to a doctor first thing in the morning. Great guy—the Duke!"

"Hey!" Pete called gruffly from the kitchen doorway. "You gone to sleep on them mattresses? Come on—we're gettin' out of here! Duke, I brought in the plaster for that cast."



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County _____ State _____

When the big red Master rolled out of the driveway on Hereford at 6.45 P. M., it was dusk and the lights were needed. Those who felt like it had eaten a cold lunch before they left. Jane had eaten hardly anything.

Pete, Bugs, Albert, and Jim Langford occupied the prepared space behind the cab. There was a supply of sedative in the medical kit. Albert seemed to have a knowledge of medicine and medical practice which argued practical experience. He applied splints to Jane's leg, and built a cast up to her knee with the plaster of Paris. Pete's remarks on the subject were caustically definite:

"The dame's broke her leg—see? She was in an auto accident a couple weeks ago. She lives in Needles an' you're takin' her home from the hospital. She sits in the seat with you, an' she don't get out because she can't walk. You pull anything funny, Andrews, an' we plug her through that window in the back of the cab; then we finish her brother next; then maybe there'll be some little surprises."

In the six-by-eight space in the front of the body were the four men, two suitcases of personal effects, and one of the spare tires stuffed with money. The other spare had been securely bolted to the underbody tire carrier, and Tony's own left in the garage.

A couple of beer cases were set one atop the other, and the three took turns sitting at the cab-window observation post. So, because it would be impossible to talk without being overheard by the watcher at their backs, and because of the uncomfortable rigidity imposed by the cast on her leg, Jane sat at the extreme right-hand side of the cab. Tony gave his attention to driving. His head still ached, and he had to think—to get ahead of the cunning of Big Pete Sloan; at least one step ahead.

He knew, without attempting to justify it by moral standards, that he was going to play the game to the limit with the nervy little devil of a girl who had tricked him into it; and if Jane Langford believed her weak-willed half brother worth saving, then he would save him for her, or at least make one good stab at it.

AS he pushed the big truck through the night, he drew Jane out to talk about anything and everything which did not concern their present situation. Albert, who had relieved Bugs at the rear window, leaned his arms on the sill and silently listened.

The tall quiet-spoken Englishman puzzled Tony. Between him and his associates there lay a vast difference, whether of breeding and mentality alone or something deeper. He seemed to have touched evil and tasted deeply of it, and still avoided all disfiguring effects. Somewhere behind that long sober face a deep-eating fire must burn, and in some locked and hidden chamber of his mind must lie havoc and awful wreckage.

El Monte—Covina—Upland—Cucamonga—Rialto. The big red freight-

er ate up the level miles. Eight thirty by the clock on the dash.

There was a full moon, but the mountains, rising in a giant barrier a few miles to the left, were blanketed to their steep bottom slopes in tenuous mist which veiled somewhat their outlines and held them remote and aloof though near at hand. The night was cool, and would be cooler in the Pass.

Tony swung into the cut-off and there, where at the Y one road leads through San Bernardino near at hand, and one climbs a long gradient straight to the mouth of the Pass, traffic was stopped by a temporary barrier on the San Bernardino side, and submitted to examination by four uniformed highway patrolmen whose cycles were parked in a group beside the road. Their holster flaps were buttoned back and they moved with a hard, aggressive caution. Two questioned drivers and inspected vehicles, and each of the two was followed at some distance by one who watched for unexpected movements and was instantly prepared to act.

THE road direct to the Pass was unobstructed and Tony took it as he had intended, as did a good percentage of the other traffic, seeing in the scene they passed a lesser example of what they might expect before they cleared the Summit.

From bottom to top of Cajon Pass the distance is twelve miles by one of the broadest, smoothest, and safest mountain roads in the world. Tony Andrews never tired of the long slow climb outbound, or the fast drop downward when returning.

Each trip west he looked forward eagerly to that first cool feel of the distant sea which is the breath of the Pass.

This night he was freighting death and destruction up the Pass; he was carrying the reeking scum of humanity through a clean citadel of Nature; but he hoped to offer up a human sacrifice before they reached the desert, and so in some measure atone for the offense. How, he did not know, but he did know that to guarantee the future security of Jane Langford, three men must die; they must not live to be captured; their lips must be permanently sealed. For the link between her and Jim Langford, her employment at the looted bank, and the fact that she had deliberately concealed her half brother's existence—all these facts would make unbelievable the truth he could tell. Jane Langford would go to prison for life as surely as the sun would rise in the morning, if those three murderers and thieves in the truck behind him stood trial.

Three men must die before the night is over, but how is Tony Andrews to accomplish it? Can he outwit and outplay such crafty criminal brains? And if his hair-trigger game succeeds? Suspense glows to white heat, amazement multiplies, in next week's issue of Liberty.



Happy Ending

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SHE stood by the living-room window, a queer stiff figure in the strained posture of a woman waiting. Abruptly, as if she had heard footsteps outside, she whirled about and, with jerky steps, crossed the hall to the bedroom and the nearer of the twin beds.

Beneath the pillow lay a tiny revolver with a ring set in the butt and through the ring a loop of cord. When she came back into the living room, the cord was tight about her wrist.

She pushed the leather easy chair till it faced the stiff-backed Louis Treize. Then she seated herself in the tapestried chair so that a fold of her dress hid the revolver.

"Where are you, Vee darling?" In his boyish eagerness he almost fell into the room. "What have you been doing all day?"

She turned her cheek to his lips. "Only thinking, Grant."

"Wish I'd spent a couple of weeks thinking about that New York trip of mine."

"You're sure, are you, Grant, that you're going to New York?"

"Can't get out of it." He dropped into the big leather chair.

"Are you absolutely certain you're going?"

He leaned forward, his silhouette a grotesque profile of surprise and anxiety. "I don't understand, Vee. Are you ill? Tell me if you're ill."

There was still time to abandon her plan; still time to avoid a tragedy; still time to slip on hat and coat and go outside and walk and breathe deeply and walk again until fatigue brought sleep and better dreams.

THIS surge of common sense did not come from the figure in the tapestried chair. In her there was neither wisdom nor rationality.

"Two weeks ago, Grant, a new clerk at the bank, instead of handing me my statement, gave me yours. The check at the top startled me, so I investigated."

"But—"

"We're both supposed to be economizing, Grant; but I found that in the last month you'd drawn four checks of five hundred apiece payable to yourself, and another of the same amount payable to Tanis Kelway . . . Tanis Kelway . . . Grant,

are you ill? Tell me if you're ill." The voice as well as the words mocked him.

He stood up a little clumsily. "Vera, I'll explain—"

"Don't bother, Grant; I've already paid a detective agency for an explanation. I've learned that Tanis Kelway used to be Maggie Banners and that you and Maggie were close friends before we married. It's nice to remember old friends, but was it necessary to give her a twenty-five-hundred-dollar present?"

"Vera, I—"

"Maggie's already left town. You're leaving town, you think, Saturday. And you expect to meet Maggie in New York." The voice was that of a woman at the breaking point. "Isn't that the idea?"

The right arm with the little revolver lifted slowly till the muzzle pointed squarely at him.

VERA, you're making a mistake." The voice was steady and without a tremor. "If you do this, Vera, you'll be sorry as long as you live."

"I'm not making a mistake."

"Would you believe your own brother if he told you it was a mistake?"

"Bob?"

"Bob."

"What does he know about it?"

"Everything. I went to him first; partly because he's a good lawyer but mostly because you have faith in him."

"And did you tell Bob how you met this woman—fifteen years ago—when you were just an undergraduate? And how she took advantage of

your youth—I suppose that's the way you'd put it."

A laugh. "I was no innocent victim, Vera; but neither was she. I played and paid and forgot it. Last month she came to me with something to sell."

"What?"

"Letters. The letters I'd written to her when I was twenty and that I'd never dated. She'd imitated my handwriting and added the dates—a lot of very interesting and recent dates."

THE voice was full of scorn: "Must I believe that?"

"Bob believed it. So did the district attorney. Bob had the inks analyzed. And the ink used in the original letters wasn't the ink used in writing the dates. That scared Maggie. She gave back the money and beat it."

The little revolver tinkled against the floor as she moved stumblingly into his outstretched arms. The voice was racked and incoherent with sobbing.

"I've been a fool . . . but it's because I loved you so, Grant . . . loved you so. . . . Never let me be jealous any more, Grant . . . never . . . never . . . because I can't stand it . . . I can't stand it."

Through the Judas hole the visiting doctor took a last look at the woman in the barred room. She crouched beside the doll house, hugging to her breast the two tiny protagonists of the late drama—the little man doll and the little woman doll. She was weeping, but the tears did not dampen her ecstatic smile.

"How did you enjoy our play, doctor?" asked the nurse as she closed the peephole. "We claim it holds the world's record for a continuous run. According to our files, she's made those dolls act out that scene every night for the last eighteen years."

"And what does it mean?"

"It's a slice of her own life. Where the dialogue is invented, she's based it on facts."

"Husband ever visit her?"

The nurse shook her head. "Eighteen years ago, when he said, in the course of the original performance, 'Vera, if you do this, you'll be sorry as long as you live'—she pulled the trigger and killed him."

THE END



SCIENCE



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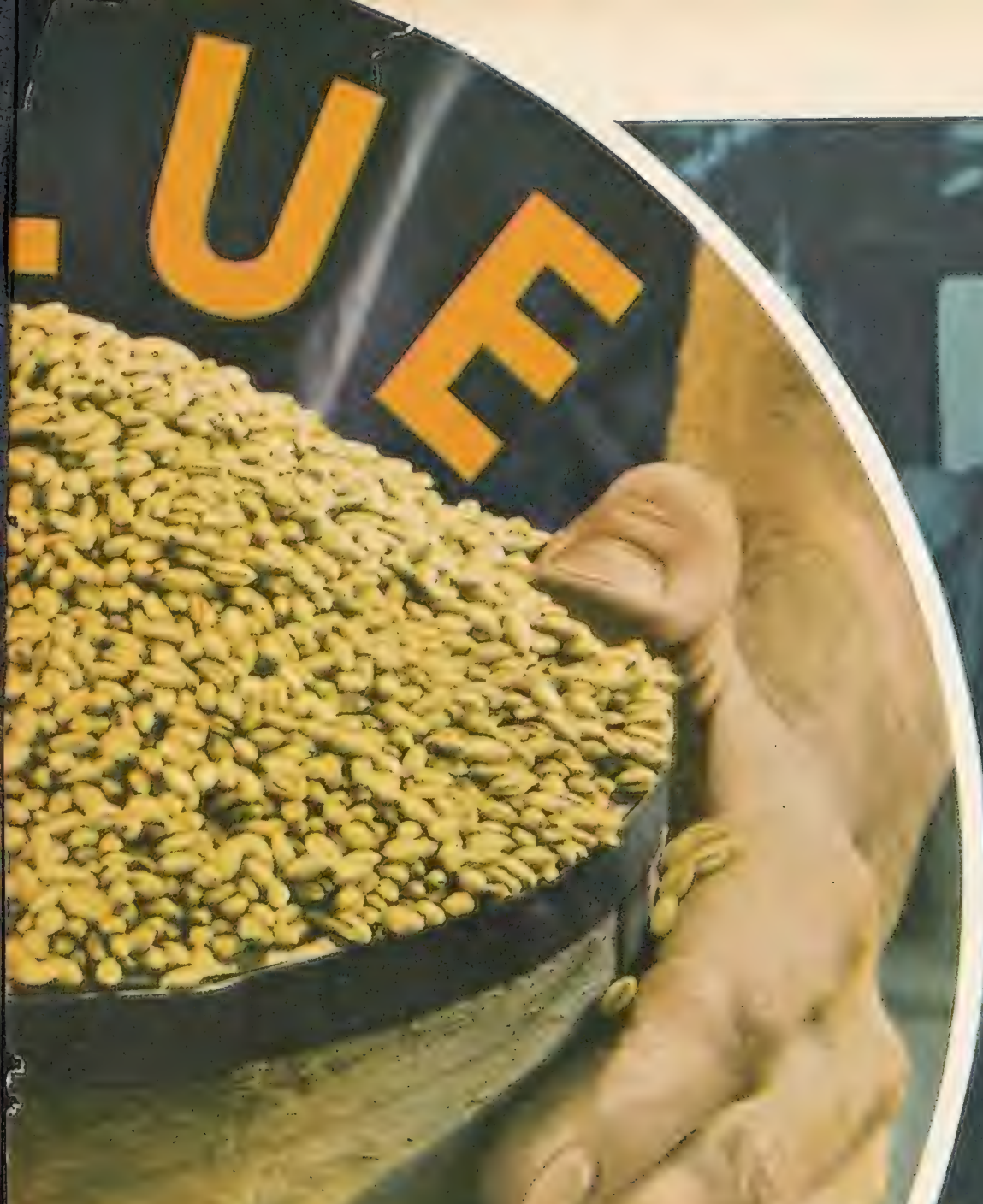
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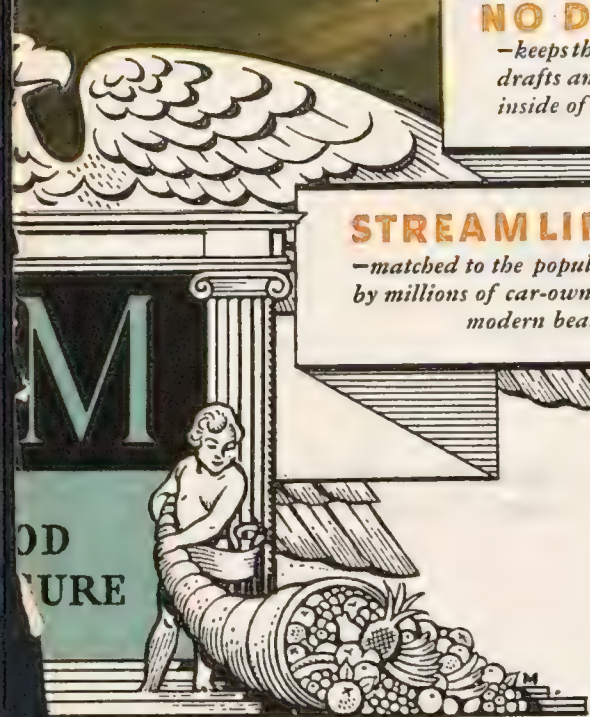
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you buy a car, remember—General Motors means Good Measure.



MEANS GOOD MEASURE

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

IN China your night watchman tailors your clothes or cobbles your shoes while he's watching, and your elevator boy knits socks when he isn't taking you up or down. . . . Permanent waves, which cost twenty-eight cents in China, are now indulged in by the majority of smart young working-girls. . . . Chinese women think Japanese women use too much make-up. . . . Canned peaches and tomato catsup are favorite American foods imported by the Chinese. . . . They won't eat cheese or drink coffee. . . . Chop suey really means *beggar's hash*. . . . The cannibals are said to have relished a Chinese victim more than any other. . . . Japanese women are reputed, even in China, to be the world's best wives. Life would be perfect, say Chinese sophisticates, if they could be American citizens, have Japanese wives, and eat Chinese food. . . . Yet eight Shanghai officials availed themselves of the recent emergency law permitting them to divorce their Japanese wives as national enemies, and keep the children. . . .

These are notes from a talk I had the other day with one of the most interesting men I've met in a long time. He is Carl Crow, who first went to China as an American newspaper correspondent, and stayed to conduct an advertising agency at Shanghai for twenty-five years—until the current fighting knocked his life's work into a Japanese cocked hat. After a quarter century of patient, intelligent sales pioneering for United States trade in the Far East, he and Mrs.

Crow came home with nothing left but the contents of a couple of suitcases—a graphic example of what is happening to so many of our trade pioneers in China! However, Carl Crow's recently published book, *400 Million Customers* (Harper & Brothers), has won the outstanding success it deserves. Read it if you want straight, everyday facts about the Chinese people.

☆ A call for pretty-girl models was sent out last month by Vyvyan Donner, the newsreel fashion expert. Eleven beauties applied. None of them was hired.



Permanents, costing twenty-eight cents, are very popular in China.

Why? . . . "They were all too thin," Vyvyan told me. "All were under twenty, yet even at that age they looked pinched and nervous and unhappy from trying to keep their weight down. Every one of them needed five or ten extra pounds. I couldn't hire any of them. I want slim models but not starvelings. Clothes can't be shown off to advantage on a girl who doesn't look healthy and cheerful."

☆ We know the tragedy and pathos of war. These we have read about, heard about, or seen. It is of war's crazy irony that we seldom are aware. Yet without the ludicrous in life how long could courage last? For Armistice Day I give you this true but comic story of a wartime hero. . . . He was an American doctor serving with the British during their shattered retreat from Mons, when the Germans were literally blasting off their heels.

In the midst of it he remembered having left two quarts of fine Scotch whisky behind in his dugout. Back he raced through the German fire, tucked a bottle under each arm. Starting to run again, he saw a lone English battery, cut off, forgotten, ammunition gone, officers killed, the men just standing by their guns without orders, waiting for the end. As he ran past, he yelled for them to follow him out of there quick. They did, and were saved. It was reported that he had purposely risked his life to undertake their rescue. Thus the American doctor received the British D. S. O. for distinguished bravery in action. He tells the story, shows you his medal, says, "I am probably the only man ever decorated because of a couple of quarts of Scotch."

☆ The colored glove and the plain black dress constitute a thrifty wardrobe idea sponsored this year by smartest, most elegant women. With five pairs of gloves and a couple of good black dresses you can now be right in style. . . . Glove colors to look for are: *Paris Mist*, *Venetian Pink*, *October Brown*, *Olive Green*, *Chrysanthemum Yellow*. . . . They have been introduced by Captain Molyneux, famous French designer. . . . *Paris Mist* is a warm, elusive gray; gloves of this shade can be worn with a brown costume instead of black, if you prefer. *Venetian Pink* is the soft hue of old brick in Italian sunlight. *October Brown* is the russet of autumn oak leaves. . . . The yellow or pink gloves are being worn with dark blue dresses as well as with black. Color of the gloves should not be repeated in any other part of your get-up.

☆ Kate Smith's mother, visiting Kate, urged her to sing the Hawaiian song, *Sweet Lelani*. Kate said no, it wasn't her style. Mrs. Smith teased, but Kate was firm. . . . Mrs. Smith packed her things, quietly said she was going right straight home! . . . Kate sang *Sweet Lelani*. . . . The song made a hit with her radio listeners, so mother knew best—as mothers generally do.

☆ To all interested in cultural things, architecture, music, painting, etc., I recommend Hendrik Willem Van Loon's entertaining new book, *The Arts*. (Published by Simon & Schuster.)

☆ Don't slice up all that cold baked ham for sandwiches. Use some for a good hot dinner of deviled ham with wild rice. . . . For each portion, spread both sides of 2 ham slices with a thick mixture of mustard and bread crumbs. Place in fireproof dish, dot with butter, sprinkle a pinch of sugar on top, brown 15 minutes under moderately hot broiler. Serve in the fireproof dish. The wild rice should be steamed, then mixed with a few chopped mushrooms lightly fried in butter with a little minced onion and green pepper.

Beauty Clothes a Tale of Horror

Robert Louis Stevenson comes to the screen with a sinister yarn adorned by fine acting and brilliant color . . . For the Ritz Brothers, stardom arrives



By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Ray Milland and Frances Farmer in Paramount's Technicolored Ebb Tide.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ EBB TIDE

THE PLAYERS: Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer, Ray Milland, Lloyd Nolan, Barry Fitzgerald, Charles Judels, Charles Stevens, David Torrence, Lina Basquette, Harry Field. Screen play by Bertram Millhauser from the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Directed by James Hogan. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 94 minutes.

THREE men on a dead man's boat—yoo-hoo!—and a bottle of champagne!

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote this sinister yarn of a trading ship and the South Seas with Lloyd Osbourne. It has some of the hard, cruel swing of Treasure Island, some of the psychopathic horror of Dr. Jekyll. It is a curious tale, without conventional valor, of three beachcombers, a Dutch captain who has lost his ship through drink, a young remittance man seeking oblivion, and a conniving cockney scoundrel, who get a chance to take a plague-stricken ship laden with champagne to Australia. Fever has killed the captain; on board is his pretty daughter. Downright piracy, a typhoon, and the chance finding of an uncharted pearl haven presided over by a sadistic religious maniac stud the yarn.

The story is told with sensitive, gripping direction by James Hogan and with acting as good as you will encounter in any film this year. The Austrian actor, Oscar Homolka, does the lonely, weak, hard-fisted skipper whose soul is scarred by liquor—and does him superbly. Here is a dark, grim study in moral decay. Almost as good is Barry Fitzgerald as the cockney cutthroat. You won't soon forget his slimy study in blood lust. Frances Farmer, as the girl, and Ray Milland, as the last of the beachcomber trio, are excellent.

Ebb Tide, pictured in rich Technicolor, catches the beauty of a tropic lagoon, the lash of a typhoon as they never before have been photographed.

VITAL STATISTICS: R. L. S. and Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson, wrote this in Samoa about 1894, called it The Ebb Tide, studio ruthlessly slashed off the The. Modernism Rolls On! Stevenson had a rocky life, discovered the South Seas in Melville's Typee, put it on the litry map, died in Samoa trying to lick a wasting disease, is buried there. Yarn's left much as it was, was made silently with Jim Kirkwood some years back. This is the first all-color million-and-a-quarter job. For screen purposes that cargo of champagne is apple juice, but Stevenson really made it California, not foreign, champagne. Seems around his time Europe had quite a fancy for Calchampaigne and R. L. S. knew wines. . . . For about \$300,000 they built the South Seas over on the isthmus on Mr. Wrigley's \$3,000,000 Catalina Island. Polynesians were recruited from plentiful colony around studios, thousands storming Hollywood against possible South Sea film wave. There are only a few background shots of the real South Seas used, studios finding it cheaper to spend a few hundred thousand, keep

cast, directors near at hand, make changes, etc. . . . \$100,000 was spent getting that typhoon and the jump on Mr. Goldwyn's Hurricane. Ebb Tide typhoon was done with wind machines, marvelous miniatures. One of the pic's three storms, however, is real, Director James (Lucky) Hogan running into it while cruising with company about 25 miles from Catalina. Company worked for two hours in storm before lashed cameras, propmen, stomachs. Many were seasick. . . . Barry Fitzgerald's a bachelor, he's fey, Celtic, had for a stand-in Neal Burns, ex-Christie Comedy star. . . . Frances Farmer gave Megger James Hogan jitters by refusing a double, insisting on doing her own swimming, no matter how the surf boiled. . . . Stocky, powerful, intellectual Oscar Homolka is Hollywood's newest character importation. He's been around English movies a lot, is the inevitable Viennesian, Reinhardt trained. Once got \$100 a year in State Theater, now I'd ticket him about \$75,000. . . . Ray Milland, one of Hollywood's best hoss jumpers, was grounded throughout this but allowed to be battered about by synthetic 8-foot waves.

★ ★ 1/2 LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE

THE PLAYERS: The Ritz Brothers, Joan Davis, Tony Martin, Gloria Stuart, Fred Stone, Nat Pendleton, Dick Baldwin, Joan Marsh, Dixie Dunbar, Ed Thorgersen, Jed Prouty, Maurice Cass, Marjorie Weaver, J. C. Nugent, Elisha Cook, Jr., Robert Lowery, Lon Chaney, Jr., Fred Kohler, Jr., the Brewster Twins. Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger based on stories by Darrell Ware. Directed by William A. Seiter. Produced by 20th Century-Fox. Running time, 95 minutes.*

YOUR Beverly Hills believes those irrepressible Ritz Brothers have reached the ultimate in Hollywood glory. They're starred in this autumnal panorama of football and college life—a hectic panorama, it is true, of Lombardy College's efforts to prove itself for dear old Coach O'Hara. The alumni, hungry for victories, is gunning for Pop O'Hara—and only colossal supertriumphs will help.

Here the Ritz Brothers are going to challenge comparison with the Marx Brothers—but, to be honest, your Beverly Hills thinks they fall considerably south of the Marxian standards. Still, they do add to the gaiety of nations.

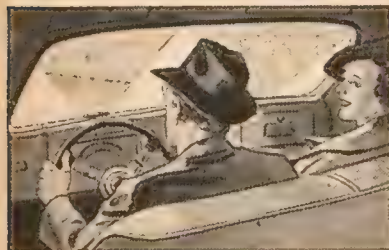
This comedy is almost completely stolen by Nat Pendleton, who plays a big silent millionaire Indian anxious to make good on the gridiron without the help of his oil fortune. And does Chief Little Black Cloud make good!

VITAL STATISTICS: The Ritz Bros. romped into the world at Newark, N. J., attribute their filbertism to the fact that vodvil dancer Pa Max Ritz always clowning about the house, encouraged their capers. They learned to dance before they learned to walk, got their amazing fund of misinformation at Brooklyn High School, did pretty well at basketball, track, and hazing. They claim this athletic training gives them the endurance to go on and on as they do till every one else drops. They're within two or three years of each other and each graduated on to the stage to hoof and act the screwball. They've been acting whacky ever since, mostly in night clubs, musicomedy, made a bad movie a few years back, stepped into Sing Baby Sing after the mitey Zanuck saw them cuttin' up at Hollywood's swank Clover Club. . . . Gloria Stuart is a Fourth of July baby. She's extremely cerebral, hates gush, clichéd interviewers, has sharp political views, unusual in an actress. She's a candid-camera

*Recommended for children.



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Cyclonic-Power Defroster System spreads a blast of warm air over windshield to keep it free of ice, snow, steam.

CIRCULATES MORE HEAT



New high-heat-wave radiator and powerful motor-fan unit circulates over 50% more heat throughout the car.

WARMS THE FEET



Foot-warmer outlets drive a portion of heat downward in opposite directions for extra comfort.

The new Triple-Duty Arvin does more than merely keep you warm. It is a 3-way heat distributing system for defrosting, foot-warming and circulating more heat in your car. Winter comfort *plus* protection. Special Duo-Flow model for Ford V-8, Tailor-Fit models for General Motors and Chrysler-built cars. Model shown,

\$15.95, with two defroster and two foot-warmer outlets. Defroster fittings slightly extra. *Genuine Arvin for all cars.* **\$9.95** as low as

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bug. . . . Ed Thorgersen's of Ridgefield, N. J., used to be a radio sports reporter, and was known as Thundering Thor. He's now screen commentator, supposedly an advance. . . . Joan's really Josephine Davis, she's of St. Paul, Minn., dotter of a train dispatcher. She started at 3 speaking pieces at church entertainments, at 7 she was doing a comedy single on the Pantages Circuit, name of Toy Comedienne, has been clowning for money ever since. . . . Nat Pendleton dyed his hair black to play the chief, mastered the Crow accent from storybook Indians.

★ ★½ PUBLIC COWBOY NO. 1

THE PLAYERS: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Ann Rutherford, William Farnum, Arthur Loft, Frankie Marvin, House Peters, Jr., James C. Morton, Maston Williams, Frank La Rue, Milburn Morante, King Mojave, Hal Price, Jack Ingram. Screen play by Oliver Drake from a story by Bernard McConville. Directed by Joseph Kane. Produced by Republic. Running-time, 65 minutes.*

THE hard-riding Western star has come into a new vogue with the talkies—and none of these stalwart chaps has achieved greater box-office success than Gene Autry. Autry rides well, acts pleasantly, strums a mean guitar, sings ingratiatingly.

Here Autry is aided by a really modern cattle-rustling yarn. The bad boys use a plane, a short-wave radio, and a fast-moving caravan of refrigerator trucks when they make their cattle raids. The poor harassed sheriff is hard put to cope with such modern methods—until Gene Autry takes a hand.

The sheriff, please note, is William Farnum, one-time stage star and not so many years ago a screen idol. He does the grizzled sheriff very well indeed.

VITAL STATISTICS: Not one of Gene Autry's pictures has ever played a big house in a big East or North metropolis. But he goes great in the South and West, and in the Southwest his horse operas are billed over the pictures of all other stars, no matter how big or epical. Autry's phonograph records of Western ballads outsell Bing Crosby's disks three to one; his fan mail's bigger than Gable's, Taylor's, Garbo's, and 60 per cent of it's from gals and women, mostly amorous. Born in the wild cattle country of Tioga, Texas, on September 25, he refuses to divulge what year. Spent early years in the saddle, ran away to sing with three old men in a medicine-show quartet when he was 10. Didn't like the old men, so ran back again. Taught self the guitar, at 18 succumbed to more wanderlust, wandered over to Sapulpa, Oklahoma, went to work for the railroad, met another singer, teamed up with him, wrote lots of Western prairie dirges with him, most successful Silver-Haired Daddy, or don't you listen to the Hillbillies? In 1929 Autry gave New York a chance to audition him. But New York flung him back to Oklahoma, where at once he became a sensation and didn't stop till the movies and record companies and Western radio got him and shot his income up into the \$100,000 class. Like most Western stars, Autry's modest, unaffected, rough-and-tumble, homespun. Doesn't go in for white-buckskin tailored suits. Is in love with Champion, his hoss, never travels anywhere without the Champ, who has a velvet-lined trailer, as many shoes as a society belle, gets featured billing with Gene by contract, costs \$1,000 a year to upkeep. The new generation doesn't remember William Farnum, the first great he-man of the screen, its highest-paid actor—\$15,000 a week. Farnum started as a Shakespearean, played the original Ben-Hur on the stage, went out of vogue before sound, has traveled the world, in 1925 hurt himself so badly playing The Man Who Fights Alone, he had to give up pictures for a long time. This is the first sheriff Bill's played in years.

★ ★ BREAKFAST FOR TWO

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall, Glenda Farrell, Eric Blore, Frank M. Thomas, Donald Meek, Etienne Girardot, Pierre Watkin. Screen play by Charles Kaufman, Paul Yawitz, and Viola Brothers Shore from a story by David Garth. Directed by Alfred Santell. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 65 minutes.

EVERY Hollywood studio is straining hard to be whimsical these days. But It Happened in Paris don't happen every day. Spontaneity

*Recommended for children.

can't be created on order. This jazzy version of a David Garth fable—of a playboy who has let the steamship line of his ancestors go to the dogs—trips over its own whimsey.

Playboy Jonathan Blair picks up a lovely young thing on one of his drinking escapades and then discovers she is a wealthy Texas girl on a Manhattan visit. The heiress takes him in hand, tries to awaken the ancestral Blair business acumen in her lazy alcoholic subject, and—

You'll have to see the comedy to learn the rest. The events seem pretty labored to your observer. Some of this is in the writing, some in the direction; most of it is miscasting. Herbert Marshall is too urbane and mellow to be a playboy, Barbara Stanwyck too dramatic-mooded to be an impetuous Western heiress losing her heart on a tour of the New York hot spots.

VITAL STATISTICS: Megger Al Santell shot this in sequence, claims it's first time a comedy's been done that way, says he did it (a) to get actors to get that swing to their parts, and (b) he wanted to become first Swing Director. . . . Production was held up two hours one day because Marshall had a bloodshot eye. Appeared normal to the casual observer but the cameraman said it registered dark gray. . . . Donald Meek is the original of Caspar Milquetoast, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, was headed for engineering when he detoured into the theater instead, playing romantic young men, of all things, till life began to shrivel him, make him a softie. He hobbies at painting and gardening, is a rose shark, breeding the most exotic kinds, they tell me. He's married, dominates his own home, which he's never done on stage or screen. . . . Etienne Girardot weighs 103, keeps tiny worrying lest his weight increase and untype him from those trembling-leaf parts he plays. Has trained a 150-lb. Great Dane as a sit-in for him. . . . Eric Blore sang his way into stage and screen butlerdom via the music halls, insisted that the ink with which Marshall squirts him be peppermint-flavored before he took it. . . . Herbert Marshall has the Most Cultured Voice in Hollywood, speaks the best English, has influenced Hollywood diction like no one else, and even has sent Stanwyck, among others, scurrying to the dictionary for elocution lessons. Yet when he visits London he haunts the music halls and slums, listening to pure cockney. Says it enriches his soul, drives out repressed homesickness from long Hollywood stays. . . . Furnishings for the 14-room home built for this were valued at \$50,000, picture comes to about half a million, salaries heaviest item. . . . Marshall and Stanwyck had one of longest breakfasts on screen records—spent 48 hours over their ham and.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live.

★★★—First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money.

LONELY COMIC

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF VICTOR MOORE



READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

VICTOR MOORE is a lonely young man of sixty-one.

He has been a star for thirty-two years, a record no one has ever equaled. He has been acting for forty-six years—another record—and doing very well at it.

He had just one romance in his life. He was married to one woman, Emma Littlefield, for thirty years. His love for her still motivates his life.

"There's never but one love in any man's life," sighs Moore. "He may marry that love or lose it, but there's only one. I know that."

When you laugh at Victor Moore over the air or on the screen you are laughing at a very sentimental and romantic fellow. Nature, endowing him with an owl-like face, considerable weight, a curious solemnity and diffidence, and a hesitating voice, made him a comedian. But at heart Moore is something else again.

Let me tell you of the one romance of his life.

Victor Moore was playing in vaudeville in a skit called Change Your Act, or Back to the Woods. He was appearing at the Brighton Beach Music Hall. It was 1903.

"An acrobat on the bill introduced me to Emma Littlefield, who was appearing with another turn," relates Moore. "I guess it was love at first sight with me, and my courtship was as intensive as the necessities of vaudeville would permit. A week later I proposed, Emma accepted me, and we were married between performances. Emma joined my act and we spent our honeymoon playing two

shows a day at the Boston Theater."

Victor and Emma always clung close together. When Victor wasn't starring in musical shows, they would return to the old variety act. The skit, which had cost Victor fifty dollars originally, earned from sixty to two thousand a week as its owner stepped upward.

There were three children. The first, Victor, Jr., now twenty-six, they adopted. Then there was Ora Victoria, now nineteen, and Robert Emmett, now sixteen.

Victor bought a house at Baldwin, on the south shore of Long Island. Bit by bit, for twenty-four years, he added rooms, made improvements. Finally the house had sixteen rooms.

Then he bought a thirteen-acre chicken farm between Huntington

A vivid close-up of things
in the heart and mind of
a sentimental comedian

**BY FREDERICK
JAMES SMITH**

and Babylon on Long Island for his adopted son. Victor, Jr., still runs this farm.

But something happened to change all Victor's plans. His wife died. That was in 1933. It left the comedian utterly desolate. No longer could he stand the big lonely house at Baldwin. He packed up and started West, little thinking that a new career—on radio and screen—would open up to him. He just wanted to forget.

But I am a little ahead of my story.

Victor Moore kept his memories of his Emma close to him. After her death, Moore opened on Broadway in Let 'Em Eat Cake. The theater was sold out for the première. But there was one empty seat out front, close down to the stage, within view over the footlights. Moore had bought that seat for his wife. It made him feel that she was again watching him, as she always had done in the past. And every opening night after that, there has been that single empty seat out front.

"No Moore had ever gone on the stage before I took a shot at it," sighs Vic. "I did have a brother who played cornet and led a band in New Jersey, but that's as theatrical as we ever got—up to me."

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"My father, who was Welsh, married my mother, who was French, on a St. Patrick's Day during the Civil War. I don't know just what that makes me. I was born on February 24, 1876, at Hammonton, New Jersey.

"The theater sort of attracted me as a kid. I made my first public appearance in Hammonton, carrying a banner in the street parade of the Guy Brothers' Minstrels. I can remember that banner as if it were yesterday. Was I proud! Then dad moved to Dorchester, Massachusetts, when I was fifteen and he ran a small restaurant there."

Victor's first stage job came when he answered an advertisement for fifty tall extras to appear, at three fifty a week, in a Boston melodrama, *Babes in the Wood*. Victor was short and plump, but he got the job by standing on a packing box in the back row. When the deceit was discovered, he was given a comedy bit. That owl face foreshadowed his future.

Victor Moore drifted to New York. "I was with John Drew's Rosemary company, which included Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, and Arthur Byron. I was the butler, if you must know. Small touring companies and stock came after that."

It was while playing *Change Your Act*, at Hammerstein's in 1905, that George M. Cohan saw Moore and for him wrote the part of Kid Burns the prizefighter in his *45 Minutes from Broadway*. The show, with Fay Templeton as its star, ran for two years and made Moore famous. Then Cohan starred him in the sequel, *The Talk of New York*, which opened in 1907 and ran three more seasons.

Stardom continued uninterrupted to 1915, when Moore was stricken with appendicitis in Los Angeles and operated on. "Most people break their necks to get into pictures," chuckles Victor Moore. "I merely

ruptured my appendix." Jesse Lasky, the pioneer producer, was making films—and he wanted Moore for comedies, which, of course, were silent then.

Moore made a whole series of comedies, but Broadway drew him back again. His greatest success came when he first appeared with Billy Gaxton in *Of Thee I Sing*. The two divided honors for six years in that revue and in *Let 'Em Eat Cake* and *Anything Goes*.

The friendship of Victor and Billy Gaxton has been one of those curious things of the stage. Each helped the other. Vic tells about this in his own way in a recent letter to a friend. His letter-writing style, by the way, is a good deal like his puttery stage and radio manner. Here's how Vic explains things:

In settling in California I believe I miss Bill more than anyone else, as we were together so long, and he always had a laugh to hand me, where there are lots of guys I know very well, but Bill and I were pals, and I liked to be around him for the uplift I got out of it, and I am pretty dam lonesome here, as to companions, of course, my kids are great pals in one way, but Bill has what it takes for me to enjoy life.

Victor wants both his children to go on the stage, and they both want to go. Ora already has completed an academic preparatory course in Hollywood, while Bob still attends Beverly Hills High School.

Moore always wears old-fashioned stiff wing collars and the sort of "specs" your grandfather used.

Likes fishing, hunting, and playing poker. Face looks the same with a royal flush as with a pair of deuces.

His favorite role of his career was Vice-President Alexander Throttlebottom.

THE END

★ TWENTY

QUESTIONS ★



1—He was born in Italy, May 6, 1895, and his real name was Guglielmi. Incorrectly accused of bigamy, Will Hays lost several nights' sleep worrying about him. Eleven years ago his funeral was the envy of big-shot gangsters. Who?

2—On which side of the abdomen is the appendix?

3—Who wrote the poem, *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*?

4—James Adam, George Hepplewhite, and Thomas Sheraton were famous for what?

5—The first boat was what?

6—Are there more Confucianists, Mohammedans, or Roman Catholics?

7—Which is longer, an era or an eon?

8—Who was the foreign queen that John A. Dominis, a Bostonian, married?

9—Which former Jack Benny stooge attained greatest fame as a star in his own right?

10—Do all dogs bark?

11—John D. Rockefeller Sr.'s fifty-four-acre birthplace was recently sold for how much?

12—What ancient Chinese game, once popular in the U. S., has 136 or 144 pieces?

13—Oleomargarine may be distinguished from butter by what simple test?

14—Is rice, milk, or potato an acid food?

15—Which English cinema star does not move his lips while speaking?

16—Juneau is the capital of what?

17—Where does the Prime Minister of England live?

18—How do thousands of young sea lions die each year?

19—Guidebooks are often called after what man?

20—Whom did Washington first appoint Chief Justice of the Supreme Court?
(Answers will be found on page 43)

No One Can Take My Husband!

With startling frankness,
a modern wife reveals her
secret of holding the love
of the man she married

BY ETHELDA BEDFORD

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



I make a steady job
of luring him by giv-
ing him what he wants.

I AM a slave to my husband. I do everything his mistress would do to hold his favor—and more.

But my compensation is: I know my husband will be with me tonight, tomorrow night, and every other night.

Yet I've competed with some glamorous women who thought they could *understand* him; but understanding him and doing something about it are different. My strong hold is: I do everything about it.

My husband has charm and power, and some of you would love to annex him, either casually or seriously. You can't, though, because I've got him—definitely.

Why am I so sure? How did I get this way?

Because I know how to lure him. I make a steady job of luring him simply by giving him what he wants.

And what does a husband want?

Amusement? Yes. Diversion? Of course. Comfort?

"Four stars!" is my answer. Comfort is what a man wants more than amusement, diversion, more than the most exciting, luring, wisecrackingest woman.

Comfort means giving yourself, submerging yourself to your husband's will and desire, giving mentally and physically, spiritually and materially. And this is where the modern wife has her hardest struggle. The average wife falls down because she persists in being an individual. She will not exchange her own individuality for that which she desires most—her husband's faithfulness. Yet it is the only price he will accept.

To make my husband comfortable I give him everything and give up everything for him. I am without reservations. My husband is my king. I am his slave.

My man wants pale green sheets on his bed, a pillow which has six sides. Well, he has pale green sheets and a six-sided pillow every time he lies on his bed.

My husband wants coffee which is old French Market strength and flavor. This coffee has to ooze through a drip pot, drop by drop, to reach its thick, murky consistency. When a cup of this coffee is placed before my king it has to plume with steam.

We never serve celery—no matter who's dining with us and what raw-veg diet they're on. Because my husband does not like to hear even his best friend *crunch*.

So you'd go right on crunching and let him get used to it, if you liked to crunch? All right; crunch and nag, and see who wins.

I'd rather make my man feel that from the time he turns his key in the door lock he is king of his castle. Ruler of all before him. That I am his slave.

But what woman doesn't need to assert her independence?

I don't. I do not want to be independent of my man. I prefer to spend my life making him comfortable.

But isn't he likely to get weary of such peace, such absolute servitude, such willing submission?

He will not weary or wander if I keep him interested, if I prove a companion, a friend, as well. But if ever I detected a hint of the wanderer about my husband, the first thing I would do would be to take careful stock of myself. I believe that when a marriage falls apart, invariably it is the woman's fault.

I never leave my husband. I do not believe in separate vacations, and goodness knows he does not want to be anywhere without me.

Don't I trust him?

I've never admitted that I did not trust my husband, and if no was my answer I'd never make it to other women. I never talk about my husband's weaknesses.

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But how many of you are guilty of that! You talk about the men to whom you have promised loyalty. Your friends pretend sympathy, at first. Then they decide you're a rotten sport for being disloyal to your breadwinner. Pretty soon those very friends will invite your publicized husband to lean on their shoulders and let them pat bad 'ittle boyse's' worries away!

Yes, you tell your friends. And you often tell your husband off, too. Well, you can't tell off a man and make him like it. Even though it is the truth.

Now, my husband can tell me off all he likes, if he likes telling me off. If it makes him any happier, let him have his tantrums. All my actions are toward making him more stable, and a greater success in his work. Therefore to me he is a greater success as my husband.

And he is a success as my husband, even though he is not in the role of a great lover always. What if he sometimes should fail to be all that I might expect in bed? Perhaps I'm not always at top speed myself.

I never get him in a spot where he feels inadequate, because I endeavor to preserve his pride in every way. I want him to feel proud of my satisfaction with our life.

I never wisecrack about anything. There is simply nothing that will bring out the Dorothy Parker in me in the presence of my husband. You never hear him crack wise, that's why. I know his wit is not like that and therefore he resents being topped. But I always laugh at his jokes as if they were the wittiest on earth.

I have never made the common error of airing even hints of our intimate moments for the amusement or amazement of our friends. And no matter how close we feel to our overnight guests, I never allow them to loll in our bedchamber. That room is for my man and me, and I sense his comfort there is something apart.

I WANT my man to feel masterful; and is there anything which makes a man appear less masterful than having his wife get out of bed first? I never get out of bed before he does.

I never use his bathroom, either.

I select his morning shirt, his dinner clothes. His ties, too, are under my supervision, because I buy them with his leaning toward blues and grays in mind.

I am careful never to ask for money or to let money come up for discussion. The result is swell. Although I never talk about my birthday, I've never forgotten to remember his. And you should see the mink he gave me when I was twenty-nine last winter!

Of course I've got it over from the first that I am not a cheap wife to support, because I know he likes to feel that what he prefers comes dearly. Otherwise he would be content with an easy job at a low salary, a cheap wife, an inexpensive apartment.

It is true that I spend a lot to beautify myself, but that is part of the upkeep and improvement of our

marriage. He likes to see pretty things, his woman looking well dressed and carefully cared for. The way I look adds to his comfort and is part of my service de luxe.

I enjoy a psychological advantage in dealing with other women's husbands. Men get a kick out of realizing I have outrun their wives in the business of matrimony.

How did I get this way?

The being-taken-over process was tempestuous. It started with our altar kiss, which he insisted on planting on my cheek because I insisted on wearing lipstick. I've never worn lipstick since.

Some of my friends dared and still dare to say, "All right as long as you can stand it. His first couldn't!"

I gave up my desire to be an indoors girl. I proved that I could take up golf and trapshooting and tennis. I learned enough to lend competition. I only wanted to acquire sufficient skill to make an interesting partner for him. I have been careful not to win too often over my husband, because to be thoroughly comfortable around me he must feel that he excels over me in every way. He is king.

SO much happened so fast that there is no invariable sequence of events to relate about becoming my husband's slave; but there are a few basic principles I shall set down.

For instance: He insists on good equipment. It was up to me to see that we had it. Our kitchen is as good, in comparison, as our living room. Our Monday-night guests are given not Sunday leftovers but a dinner as well planned and tasty as those who come Friday to stay till Sunday night. My husband is willing about financing such things because I have proved to be a good manager. He feels justified. He is particularly comfortable because the mechanics of running things—servants, house, budget, etc.—are not his worry. For financing my arranging, he takes his fees in nothing or nobody but me.

Psychologically, I have an advantage over him; but, my dears, we'll talk about my husband, not about me. I always talk about him a lot, because it is always good to pay homage to your king. With him, I carefully direct conversation about him, his interests, whenever possible, because like all human beings he likes to hear about his interests and himself.

But never do I say: "How was your day, dear?" I know he will tell me if he wants me to know, if he feels like setting up office at home. I listen rather than talk, and file away in my mind ideas which have snagged my husband's interest. These I bring out to enliven him in a dull moment.

I give. In exchange, I demand faithfulness.

But what if I do not get it?

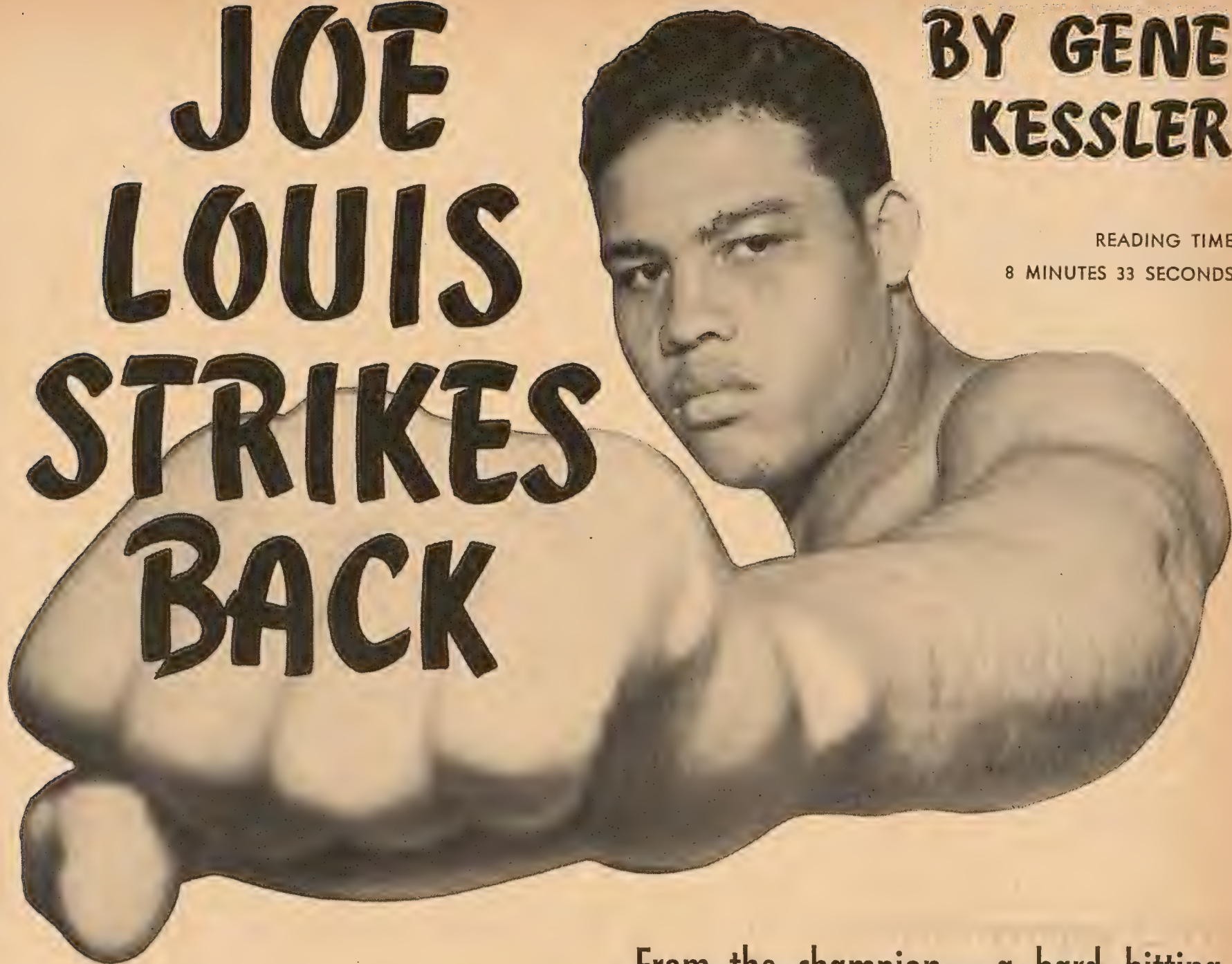
Then I will murder my husband, murder him within my soul. He then will be dead to me, so dead that I'll sing, "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

THE END

JOE LOUIS STRIKES BACK

BY GENE
KESSLER

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 33 SECONDS



JOE LOUIS did not look like a man who could be arrested for carrying concealed weapons every time he thrust those tawny massive hands into his pants pockets. He looked like a blithe Negro boy on the sand lot, kicking up billowy dust clouds around first base and hurling blatant wisecracks to the ebony kids on his softball team. The bovine tombstone mask which is his copyrighted ring armor had been lifted, and there you saw a happy-go-lucky Joe Louis laughing and joking and actually being human.

Was this the same devastating ring killer who battered down Carnera, Baer, and Braddock? Had the Brown Bomber softened up? Did he have too much money for his own good? Was he gun-shy? Had he lost interest in fighting? What transformation, if any, had taken place with this man who wore the world's heavy-weight crown?

Louis' two suave and sapient managers, John Roxborough and Julian Black, were asked these pertinent questions.

"We will give our ideas and then we'll let Joe give his own answers," spoke Roxborough. "Now that Tommy Farr and Jim Tully have doomed Joe to sudden destruction, it's time the world's champion opened up in his own defense and spoke his mind."

"Joe is just wiser . . . and a smarter boxer," said Black. "He is champion now, and all champions are targets of critics. Why, I remember, when Dempsey failed to knock out Tom Gibbons in fifteen rounds, every one said he had lost his punch and was washed up. His friends made all kinds of excuses. But Dempsey, like Louis and every other fighter, had his off days and Gibbons simply caught up with one of them."

"When Louis was pounding through the ranks he had

From the champion—a hard-hitting, blunt reply to Jim Tully's forecast of his fall in last week's Liberty

bad nights, but the public overlooked them. Natie Brown went the limit with Joe in Detroit, and I believe looked as good as Farr, yet no one paid much attention as long as Louis was the winner. When Joe came back shortly after with his smashing K. O. over Carnera, the whole world hailed him as the new Dempsey. It's that way when a kid is coming up. When he gets on top he has at least one strike on him. People want him knocked off. And colored champions have two strikes on them. That's why you have to admire Joe Louis for the way he behaves himself outside the ring."

Roxborough pointed a slender brown finger. "Look at that kid having fun out there on the diamond," he said. "Why, he has enough money to do anything he pleases. But you don't see him gallivanting around at night clubs and that sort. He lives clean and is a credit to his race and to the ring. We are proud of Joe. That boy'll be champion for at least ten more years."

By this time Louis had come in for his turn at bat. He agreed to pass it and answer the charges made in Liberty by Tommy Farr and Jim Tully that he was doomed to lose his next fight because he was gun-shy, a "flatulent popgun," and because Farr was supposed to have discovered he telegraphed his punches by blinking his eyes.

"I'm sorry Dempsey had to get into this," said Joe. "I always want to remember him as a great fighter, the



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idol of my boyhood dreams. I cannot say anything against Dempsey. Maybe that's the way he thinks. Every man is entitled to his own thoughts. But when a guy deliberately lets loose a lot of baloney just to make himself look good and maybe get a return match with me, why, all I can do is explode him with the truth.

"Not one time during our fifteen rounds did Tommy Farr call me a vile name. Guess maybe it'd been better for me if he had, because then I'd have disobeyed Chappie's orders and knocked him colder than a tramp in Alaska."

The Chappie referred to by Louis is his trainer, Jack Blackburn. What was this?

"Now don't get me wrong," the champion hastened to correct our suspicion. "We didn't carry Farr. Just played safe. I was fighting under instructions from Chappie. I learned my lesson when I disobeyed orders and got myself knocked out by Schmeling."

"Before the opening gong, Chappie warned me. 'Keep away from this mule's head,' he said. 'Box him a few rounds until you get an opening, then drill with your right.' In the third round Tommy showed his chin above that crowbar left of his and I let my right fly. But he ducked and I caught his head. Pain shot through my arm. I knew I had busted my hand."

Louis tapped the metacarpus of his right hand. "It was gone," he said. "I didn't mind the pain, but it was like slapping Tommy with a dishrag after that. My wrist just caved in and went limp. I didn't have no steam in my punch. It just fizzled."

"When I went back to my corner, Chappie could see there was something wrong. 'Guess my right hand's busted,' I told him. Right then he issued orders. 'There's too much at stake to take any foolish chances, Joe,' he said. 'You've got to win this fight on points. Box him. Jab as yo' never jabbed before. Don't go trying for a knockout and bust your hands all up. You might blow the championship that way.' So I went out to box Farr . . . dress him up with left jabs."

LOUIS was reminded that he hurt Farr badly in the fifth round, and it was my opinion one more knifing left hook to the body would have scored a K. O. then.

"Yes, I almost lost control of myself that time," Joe replied. "This Farr was the dirtiest fighter I ever met . . . and one of the toughest. He deliberately tried to butt me in every round, and he did give me a black eye in the eighth with his head. But in the fifth he purposely tried to stick his thumb in my eye, and that made me powerful mad. I could feel my left hook sink into his belly, and I knew he was hurt. Another hook caught him on the jaw, and I could feel him strain to keep his feet. I pitched over a right which should have been the pay-off. But the old steam was gone and he knew I couldn't hurt him with my right hand."

This Louis speaks right out. He may pull his punches in the ring, but he can't pull his words.

"I wasn't gun-shy when I backed away from Farr," Joe declared. "I was head-shy. During every rest period Chappie kept warning me not to let him get in close. That guy can use his head like a soccer player. I had to do some tall an' fancy stepping to keep out of Farr's head range."

"Tough? Man, I'll say he was tough—just like iron. But he can't fight a lick. There are a dozen heavyweights in this country who can out-point him. He's only a cutie with a turtle defense."

The champion referred to Farr's crustacean style of covering up behind a crooked left arm and keeping his chin underslung.

AS to that decision," continued the Bomber, "if all the critics will only digest Referee Arthur Donovan's statement after the fight they will get the correct answer. He said I blocked most every lead Farr made. I think that way myself. A lot of his punches that looked good from bleacher seats were glancing off my shoulders and elbows or I was catching 'em on my gloves. I was proud of the way I boxed him after I found out I couldn't knock him out."

What about Farr's discovery . . . that he (Louis) telegraphed his punches by blinking his eyes? Joe Louis leaned back and laughed. "Ain't that rich?" he asked. "I read where one expert said there ain't no expression in my eyes, and now I'm told that my eyes telegraph my punches."

"I only hope Max Schmeling believes that. I'll feint that German dizzy just by blinking my eyes. Old Sam Langford once told me that when a fellow learns how to feint properly he'll be able to do it with his eyes as well as his hands."

"And as for those love pats Farr claims he gave me after every round, all I've got to say is that I'm beginning to think he listened to the fight over the radio. The fellow I fought didn't say a word to me or pat my back until the final gong. Then he slapped my shoulder, and I turned to look into a face that looked like an unpaved street—it was that battered and bleeding and cut up. He just smiled faintly when I said, 'Nice fight, Tommy,' and looked like he was glad it was over and he had stayed on his feet."

"In his dressing room," spoke up Manager Roxborough, "Farr told me that if Joe had thrown one more hook to the body in the ninth round, he knew he couldn't have stood up. He said Louis hit him harder than he had been kicked by a mine mule in Wales. I don't think the man can honestly be little Joe's punching power."

By this time the soft-ball game was nearing a finish and the world's heavyweight champion was itching to get back in there.

"You seem concerned about Schmeling," I ventured.

"I should shout I am," Louis spoke right out. "Maybe I didn't get worked up as much as I should have over the Farr fight. I couldn't get especially excited. But I was plenty hot and bothered about the Braddock fight and I'm simply burning up over my defense against the Dutchman next summer."

Champion Joe Louis will have a couple of tune-up scraps before risking his chin in that encore with Schmeling. And Joe has picked Tommy Farr's back yard, bally old England, for his proving ground. He expects to pop over a pair of British belligerents, probably Jack (Heart-breaker) Doyle and Ben Foord there.

Louis has been studying movies of his upset by Schmeling and feels confident he can wipe the blot off his record when they clash again.

Having followed Louis' career from the amateurs to the world's heavy-weight throne, I have detected a fistic metabolism. Joe Louis has changed. He has shed the fire of youth and taken on more boxing polish. He makes every blow count now; parries his opponents' thrusts and strikes out with abandon where he used to move forward with a shuffle and fire a steady stream of leather. Joe Louis simply has grown up.

Against Farr, the champion was a safety-first boxer satisfied to retain his crown on points. But the very mention of the name Schmeling fuses the old desire to kill. When he faced gallant Jim Braddock, Joe was a cunning jungle cat, swift and deadly. He was fighting for a title.

Without that spark to ignite the man's fiber, Joe Louis may be only a popgun, but still accurate enough to decision all the Tommy Farris around.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

- 1—Rudolph Valentino.
- 2—The right.
- 3—Alan Seeger (1888-1916).
- 4—What is now fine antique furniture.
- 5—A log, hollowed out, with a tree branch for a paddle.
- 6—There are more Confucianists than subscribers to any other religious belief.
- 7—An eon.
- 8—Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii.
- 9—Frank Parker.
- 10—No; two barkless Besenji were recently imported from the Congo. They bite, produce a low growl, but cannot be induced to bark.
- 11—The amount of the tax bill, \$90.37.
- 12—Mah-jongg.
- 13—By heating a small quantity gently; oleomargarine sputters noisily but butter foams more or less silently.
- 14—Rice.
- 15—Roland Young.
- 16—Alaska.
- 17—At No. 10 Downing Street, London.
- 18—By drowning. The young have to be taught to swim.
- 19—Karl Baedeker, who established a famed series of guidebooks.

20—

John Sarg

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THE WORLD GOES

IN 1940 the United States is in the throes of internal war, brought about by the activities of a crime ring headed by the Postmaster General, Happy Harold James. Hugh Faragut, who as Attorney General under the Forward Party President, Frank J. Winters, has fought James and his crowd—which includes Vice-President Caleb Keeler and several Cabinet members selected by Keeler—has been unable to get proof of the ring's treachery quickly enough to prevent their carrying out their plans to gain control of the country.

While Hugh is on Long Island, visiting Dorrie, James' daughter, whom he loves, he receives word that the President

has been found dead in bed. He flies back to Washington with Dorrie, and finds the James faction in the saddle. Through a New York priest, Father Dulany, he learns that the crime ring has murdered the President. He consults with Chief Justice Thomas Severn, General Devoe of the army, Admiral Maxwell of the navy, and several anti-James Cabinet members, and they decide that the only thing to do is to call the good citizens of America to arms. Word comes from Chicago and other big cities that the crime ring has already begun its reign of terror. Hugh goes to James' house to say good-by to Dorrie. As he is leaving, one of James' thugs



The vacuum sucked the athlete's huge frame through the shattered window.

SMASH BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

sees him. Hugh knows then that the game is up. He will be killed and prevented from going to New York to organize a defense against the criminal dictatorship. In the hands of the James gang he will simply vanish.

"Take him," begins Happy James—and then Hugh sees his expression stiffen. Dorrie is standing in the doorway.

PART NINE—TOPPLING TOWERS . . AND MADNESS!

DORRIE went straight to her father. "What are you doing to Hugh?" she demanded.

"He has committed a murder. You must not interfere."

She suddenly became aware of the thug's half-concealed weapon. A cry burst from her. "They're going to kill you! Dad, you can't let them do that."

"That's enough, Dorothy." Seldom had Happy James used that tone to her. "Go to your room."

Her fingers crept to her throat, opened an old-fashioned locket there. A tiny object gleamed in her hand.

"Dad, do you want to kill me?"

"Sentimental nonsense. Take him away, boys."

She set her back to the wall. "If he goes out of this room, I'll kill myself here and now."

"A bluff," declared Happy James contemptuously but a little uneasily. He knew the girl's courage.

Her hand went slowly to her lips. "No—no! Don't let her!" shrieked Hugh. "Dorrie! Dorrie!"

"What's this?" demanded James in a changed voice. The anguish on Hugh's face was no bluff.

"It's a poison—a deadly poison." In his terror for the woman he loved, he found an argument which he hoped would save her from herself. "They're not going to kill me, Dorrie," he assured her with passionate mendacity. "I'll have a fair trial."

"Yes," assented James through fear-stiffened jaws. "It's—it's a regular legal process."

"Liars!" said the girl with quiet scorn. "But I'm not lying." To her lover she said tensely, "Do you think I would live after you were dead? I'm not afraid of dying. But you"—she searched Happy James' face with pitiless eyes—"you are afraid to let me."

Something like a sob came from his lips. "Yes, I'm afraid! Let him go." He turned to Hugh. "You have an hour to get out of town."

"Taken. Good-by, my darling," Hugh whispered to Dorrie.

"Not good-by. Let me fly you up."

"No. You're safer here. But you can come with me to the airport."

As they drove he outlined the plan. She listened in silence. But as they got out and approached the waiting plane she pressed close to him in the darkness.

"You've got to live, Hugh!" said she passionately. "You've got to. Because I'll be waiting."

At noon she was standing by her radio. She got the Clearance signal. She heard the Chief Justice's briefly solemn words bespeaking for the man who was to follow him the faith and support of all good and patriotic citizens. Then the clear strength of her lover's voice:

"The government of the United States has fallen into criminal hands through a criminal conspiracy. I call upon all citizens to be prepared for any eventuality, any sacrifice, in defense of the nation."

Concerning the Three Weeks' Insurrection the historian Professor Zelon Outerbridge has written:

It was not war in any formulate or military sense, but rather a series of sporadic, vaguely interrelated outbreaks, notable chiefly for their rabid fury and their disregard of the

Chaos arrives, civilization crumbles, horror rides the sky in a breath-taking novel of a future that might come

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

rules of humanity. Enjoying the enormous advantage of possession and occupation, the government must have prevailed but for one radical failing—lack of capacity for co-operation. Indiscipline is the weakness of the criminal type. Inevitably, being a sublimated egoist, the criminal is violently an individualist; his mind disorganized and disorganizing. From the premature murder of President Winters to the premature assaults upon local governments in Illinois and elsewhere, the Chain Gang, so termed, perpetrated a series of blunders, cumulative and eventually fatal to their project.

To Hugh Farragut the prospect held out little hope as he sat in the Council of Defense, composed of Chief Justice Severn, Associate Justices Marin and Cresswell, Secretary of State Gerritt and the other seceding members of the Cabinet, General Devoe, Admiral Maxwell, Truslo Jones, George M. Wheeler, Jr., and a score of local agents, hastily summoned to the lofty Turrets Building in East Forty-sixth Street.

From a window Hugh stared down into the busy city. So peaceful. So normal. Moving so smoothly upon its lawful occasions, and all the time secretly, unwittingly in the grip of a dominant, pervasive, and ruthless underworld. What would it be like in another twenty-four hours? In what dreadful flaming disruption was he about to involve it, and with it the nation whose lifeblood ebbed and flowed through that mighty heart? The microphone stood before him, an implement of potential havoc more formidable than a thousand cannons. The newly devised and still secret pre-emptive ray had cleared the air for him. The Chief Justice's clear voice, solemn with emotion, was speaking his name. And now his own voice. At the outset it sounded alien to his ears. But soon he was in full swing.

THIS is a call to save the nation from a usurping conspiracy. I charge that Caleb Keeler is not the lawful President of the United States. I charge him and his associates with procuring the murder of President Winters. I call for the impeachment of Caleb Keeler and the arrest of Happy Harold James. Let us exhaust all peaceful and legal methods. But if these fail, only an instant and universal uprising of true Americans, ready to fight and die for American principles, can save us.

"This is no struggle of party against party, capital against labor, industrialism against the proletariat, Fascism against Communism. No principles or standards are involved except those of the law-abiding citizen against organized crime. Until the Chain Gang of Crime, now entrenched at Washington, is eradicated, there can be neither safety, security, peace, nor an honorable life for any good citizen. I call upon you, without respect to party, creed, or condition, to stand together in this impending struggle. We fight under the American flag."

Father Dulany supported him in brief words of appeal to all denominations to unite in a holy war. Secretary Gerritt and the two service officers added their pleas. It was now up to Washington.

Foundation for the revolt had already been laid. Twenty-seven planes had landed in as many cities, and others were still in the air, speeding west with instructions for the formation of the League of Public Defense.

Meetings were being organized. The program was to take over, wherever it could be achieved, all arsenals and armories, railroads and communications, telegraph, telephone, and radio; to call out the National Guard; to guard water systems and power and light plants; to segregate and conserve food supplies; to commandeer and mobilize airplanes, automobiles, and trucks; to seize and claim the Stars and Stripes as their emblem; and to be ready to fight to the last man in the last ditch.

"How does it look to you?" Hugh asked the general.

Devoe shook his grizzled head. "If we had time," he replied, "there would be a fair chance. Some of the army are swinging our way. Admiral Maxwell has similar hopes of the navy. But if Washington strikes quickly, it will all be over in a week."

Inexplicably, Washington did not strike. Only afterward did they learn the reason. Acting President Keeler and Happy James had split on methods of procedure. Worse than this, a bitter jealousy had sprung up between the pair, with the result of halting activity when every hour was invaluable. Here was Hugh's golden chance. Against the protests of his colleagues, who considered the risk too great, he inaugurated that campaign of personal and radio propaganda to which future historians credited the deadlock in New York. Working sleeplessly, he spoke in churches, clubs, labor-union halls, the public squares—anywhere that he could get a hearing—and everywhere he swayed the crowds by the passion of his sincerity.

EVERYWHERE agents of the League of Public Defense reported progress. But was the progress rapid enough to overcome the terrific handicap of their start? The political clubs were all tools of Happy James. The financial powers and the leaders of the business world, by nature static, inclined to the established order, even though they distrusted its representatives. Most encouraging support to the insurgents came from the National Guard, where Hugh's friends had done yeoman work. But, as all well knew, the final decision would rest with the regulars of army and navy.

Consequently, the Council was the more inspired when three companies from Governors Island marched up through a hostile lower Broadway and established themselves as a guard outside the Turrets. Their officers reported serious disaffection among the garrisons of the local forts, though the opinion was that military habit would hold a majority to their technical loyalty. It remained for Admiral Maxwell to bring the most heartening news: almost to a ship, the South Atlantic Fleet had declared for the Defenders and were steaming northward under forced draft and cleared for action. Indications from the naval units in the local area were less encouraging: their commanders were mainly of the old school and would obey orders from Washington.

What was going on in the outer world was veiled in uncertainty. The newspapers, faced with a crisis wholly unprecedented, were indecisive in their attitude. Moreover, the sparse and scattered indrift of news from the country at large hampered them severely. At first the Chicago massacre and march upon the state capital loomed large. Soon that source was closed. It was apparent that telegraph and telephone everywhere had been seized. Even the air-borne news was uncertain and fragmentary.

More than twenty-four hours passed before the government's response to what it termed "the voice of sedition" took the air. The accents were those of Caleb Keeler but the words smacked of Happy James' style:

"Fellow Americans: A crisis has come upon us. It is the work of men who are traitors to the American ideal and rebels against the constituted authority of the government—your government and mine. Under a false and specious pretense of reform, they seek control of the nation for their own wicked and tyrannical ends. They aspire to set up a dictatorship. The head and front of this conspiracy, the man who is willing to whelm our beloved country in fire and blood for the purposes of his personal ambitions, is Hugh Farragut, formerly but no longer the Attorney General of the United States.

"I hereby denounce him as a traitor and a fomenter of treason. I brand his statements as baseless lies. And I

call upon all good and loyal citizens to unite in support of the lawful government of the United States and to put down this rebellion which, if successful, means the death of true democracy in our country."

Instructions, threats, and promises followed. All the forces of the nation were being systematically mobilized to crush the opposition. It was an able and persuasive presentation, with the tremendous advantage of direct appeal to the public's instinct for peace and adherence to lawful methods and established procedure.

"We must answer that," said Hugh, and the anxious Council unanimously agreed.

It was decided that the weak point of the government was its failure to meet adequately the murder charge. Here could best be directed the counterattack.

Dr. Gilroy James supplied an issue. He brought to Council headquarters a copy of a formal demand upon the Keeler administration for an immediate autopsy upon the body of Frank J. Winters, with official representatives of the Modern Society of Medicine in charge. If this were denied or ignored, suspicion would be magnified. Hugh decided to hold this in reserve. Dr. James returned to his task of arranging an army medical service.

Reports from many parts of the country began to seep in, continuing for several days. Philadelphia was in full control of the gangsters, as were Kansas City, Detroit, Cleveland, Seattle, New Orleans, and Miami. Outside of the two latter cities, the South was generally sympathetic to the League of Public Defense. In Baltimore the Defenders, backed by the city administration, had fought the Chain Gang to a standstill and was preparing to resist a threatened attack from Washington under command of General Billington. Buffalo, too, was a League stronghold. Violent warfare with the issue in doubt was progressing in Cincinnati and St. Louis. Boston was being shelled from the sea and street fighting had broken out. Led by Chain Gang thugs, the riffraff of industry in Pittsburgh and the neighboring steel towns had turned upon their employers, and here the singular spectacle was presented of organized labor resolutely battling shoulder to shoulder with the steel-mill owners and officials against the professional strikebreakers, and holding their own after an early retreat.

Illinois had gone gangster. As much through the horror evoked by reported outrages as from any other influence, Wisconsin and Minnesota had declared for the revolt and forces were organizing in Milwaukee and the Twin Cities for a march upon the gangster state when the time should come. San Francisco was in flames, with a hastily rallied force of Defenders stubbornly retreating southward and contesting every inch. Every jail in the state, beginning with Alcatraz, had been thrown open and the convicts armed. In Hollywood, the studios took up the cause of the League on news of the prison deliveries, and, with every noted star enlisted, threw all their powers of organization into forming an army.

STILL New York City maintained its precarious peace. As news from without accumulated, it became more and more apparent that the centers of population were battering themselves into a deadlock of destruction and ruin. Devoe and Maxwell, however, evinced an increased hopefulness. Since the criminals, with all the advantage of the initiative, had been unable to capture the nation as a whole, there was still a chance. While the Council was codifying and studying the information, a rumpled attendant entered and addressed Hugh.

"There's a lady outside, sir. Says she must see you."

Hugh's heart jumped. Could it be Dorrie? "Who is she?" he asked.

"She wouldn't give her name. But she's thrown one doorman down the stairs and got the other pinned to the wall."

"Shall I escort Mrs. Slogage in?" asked Harris Magill, with a grin.

"I'll go out."

Hugh welcomed the woman athlete, who released her captive to shake hands. "Any news from Miss James?" he asked.

"No. This is business. I been hearing things by grape-

vine, and I got an idea, Mr. Farragut."

Before she had finished her outline Hugh was hustling her into the room, where he presented her to the august gathering. In no way flustered by the array of dignitaries, Honor selected the Chief Justice as her foil.

"D'you know who led the murder squads in Chicago?" she demanded.

"No, madam; I do not."

"Big Bill Mengrum. He's head of a stable of crooked fighters and in all the dirt there is. The sporting world fell into line. They're a tough bunch in Chi. In New York it's different. That's where my idea comes in."

Interested, the Chief Justice leaned forward. "And what is your idea?"

"Listen. There's crooks in the New York sporting fraternity, like there is everywhere. But mostly they're straight shooters. If I get some right guys to round up four or five hundred crack athletes, we'll have something. I'm the first lady member of the Urban Athletic Club. What about my starting things moving?"

The two service men lent their instant support. She left, having definitely raised the morale of the meeting.

INFORMATION brought by local scouts, however, was dispiriting. The trend of public opinion was now definitely adverse to the League. Bad though it was, the established government, to the minds of the solid citizenry, represented primary safety and stability. All these charges of murder and criminal conspiracy—what proof of them had been brought? Presumably relying upon reports of this feeling, Washington now issued an official statement from the post-mortem committee, ascribing the death of President Winters to a heart attack. No official representative of any medical body had been present; the request fathered by Dr. Gilroy James had been ignored. Furthermore, it was noted that the once honored name of Dr. Fothergill, the government's own choice, was not appended to the report.

With this as an opening, Hugh decided upon a second attack. Father Dulany was announced to speak from the steps of St. Vincent's the following noon.

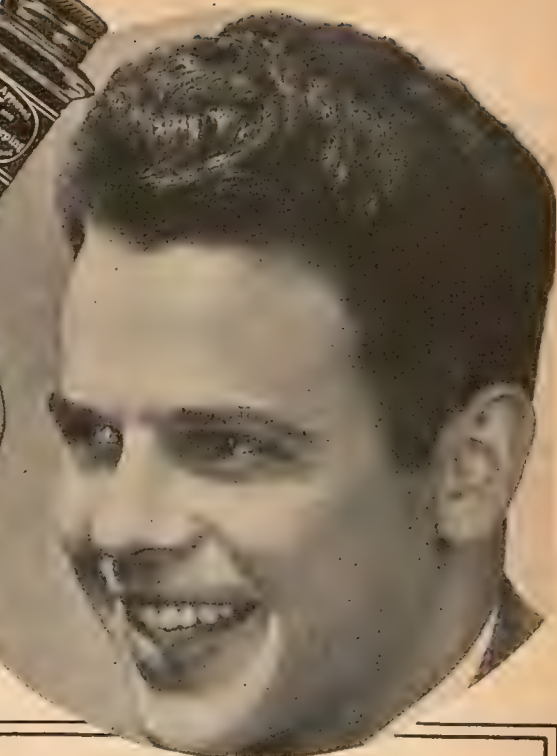
An immense crowd gathered in the square. The priest began by saying that he would deal with the government's devious handling of a profoundly suspicious death. Before he could go farther, there was a spatter of sharp sound from a tall building opposite, and he fell, riddled and shattered by a fusillade of submachine-gun bullets.

Dreadful as was the tragedy, it served a purpose. A martyr's heroic end brought the reward of martyrdom in service to the cause. A priest, known and loved by the whole city for his loving-kindness of heart, his charity of mind, had been struck down in the shadow of the church he served. Not Catholics alone but Protestants and Jews equally were

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horrified. It was a terrible and illuminating object lesson in the ruthless purposes of the men who now formed the government of the United States. It lent color to the charge that President Winters had been murdered, and shocked the thinking public into a realization of the crisis.

It brought matters to a head. From now on, as Washington must have realized, the drift would be against the government. It was time to act.

The dawn of January 24 was one of those rare days when the warmth of spring seems already to have come. With Harris Magill and Carson Wilde in attendance, Hugh started out at eight o'clock to make a tour of inspection. Everywhere the streets were filling with crowds, nervous, unstable, avid of information, seething with rumors. Not a newspaper had appeared. The suppression was complete.

Small squads of men were seen moving southward. A few of the apparent leaders were recognized by Hugh as minor politicians or crooks whom he had come up against in his anti-racketeering campaign. He suspected their goal was the City Hall and that they aimed at capturing the municipal machinery. Frequently those small mobile fortresses which banks use to convey bullion sped along the streets. One of these, turning too abruptly from Madison Avenue into Forty-second Street, plowed into the human mass, and whirled onward, leaving shattered bodies in its wake. What shocked Hugh quite as deeply as its uninterrupted progress was the apathetic attitude of the near-by spectators, who made only the most perfunctory effort to aid the injured or lift the dead. They were like creatures stunned and brutalized by the weight of dread bearing down upon them. Should that apathy burst into panic, what horrors might not follow?

AT twelve thirty, noon, the gigantic voice of a loud-speaker set on Weehawken Heights blared its message of warning across the river:

"Noncombatants have twenty-four hours to leave. All noncombatants to be off Manhattan Island by noon tomorrow. No life will be safe after that hour. All women, children, aged people, and noncombatants must be out before tomorrow noon, to escape death. By order of the President of the United States."

The iteration continued at fifteen-minute intervals. Whenever the dire inhuman cadence sounded, the crowds were stricken first into immobility, then into feverish activity. Thus began that tragic exodus which choked every bridge, every tunnel, every possible outlet with the fugitive panic of millions.

Orderly amidst the turmoil, the small squads which Hugh had earlier noted kept forming and marching south. Advices came that the Empire State Building had been taken over and that this and other large edifices in the neighborhood were receiving supermachine guns and ammunition. A cordon was drawn across Thirty-fourth Street. The Defenders determined upon Fortieth Street for their line. A runner from the Central Park station announced that the Sportsmen's Battalion—started in accordance with Honor Slogage's idea—was receiving recruits faster than it could handle them.

At four o'clock the raucous drone of the mechanized announcer again traversed the water. It commanded all men not enlisted in defense of the government to lay down their arms and disperse, on pain of death. No entry to the city, it announced, would be permitted by land, air, or water until rebellion was crushed.

Of all the nerve-strung men at Council headquarters, George M. Wheeler, Jr., in charge of air operations, was the most jumpy. The squadron which he had expected from the West had not appeared. Just before dusk the lookout on the Turrets Building reported planes approaching. Wheeler, Devoe, and Hugh took the elevator.

"Our lot," declared the air expert, with relief. Almost at once he cried: "What's wrong?"

The first two planes were wavering. They ducked, then spiraled. Two more did likewise. Parachutes plunged and opened. One after another, as the remainder of the formation approached, they went out of control. In three minutes there was not a plane left aloft. The watchers looked at one another, aghast.

"There must be a demagnetizing force working," gasped Wheeler.

With darkness a battered aviator crawled in. Alone of the force, he had maneuvered his parachute into the river and swum ashore. He was bewildered. Without warning his controls had gone dead on him.

"Nothing will get through to us now," said Wheeler gloomily, "unless it circles wide of that zone."

For the staff in the Turrets there was no sleep that night. The rising sun was saluted with heavy cannonading to the south, which the officers judged to be coast artillery answered by passing warships. Later it was augmented from along the sound.

Too strung up and impatient to remain in seclusion, Hugh took to the streets, and had his first experience of the savagery of building-to-building warfare which was filling the air with cross fire above Thirty-fourth Street. Rumors from uptown led him to Central Park South. There the Sportsmen's Battalion, fighting with desperate gallantry, had met an assault by a largely superior force from the north and east, and after heavy losses in the first hour were now slowly driving the enemy back. Hugh's armored car, with its mounting of needle guns, was a welcome adjuvant in the counterattack. He and his Right and Left Guards fought until a peremptory order from General Devoe brought them back. Risking a life as valuable as his in a petty and inconclusive melee, the military commander sharply informed Hugh, was unjustified folly. The issue would be decided not from within the city but from without.

This expert opinion was strengthened by a rising thunder roll of great guns from all around the island. Across the bay the guardian forts, dividing their allegiance, were smashing each other to bits at close range. Along the sound, too, the same point-blank warfare was being waged until, one after another, the guns were silenced.

A signal ray from an approaching battleship brought tidings from Rear Admiral Cazenal, commanding:

"Four of our ships sunk. Several crippled. Still ready to fight. Where is government naval force?"

From northward a thick bank of cloud drew in, and for the remainder of that day and night the quiet snow halted man's enterprises of devastation. The next noon a brisk west wind dissipated the curtain and the city looked upon its doom. Both flanking rivers were crowded with ships, the government in the North River, the insurgents holding the East. General Devoe issued his calm instructions to the Council:

"Gentlemen, we cannot remain here. Reassemble in half an hour in the subbasement of the Corporation Trust."

AS they filed out into the hallway, a terrific shock paralyzed the elevator service. Hugh made the aged Chief Justice his personal charge. The two young aides stood by. At the tenth floor Carson Wilde went to a window to reconnoiter. One of the new-type "soft" bombs exploded outside, and the vacuum thus created sucked the athlete's huge frame through the shattered window and sent him hurtling to death upon the pavement below. The walls on that side began to bulge perilously. Horrified and saddened, Hugh hurried Justice Severn down to the Forty-sixth Street exit; but both were hurled back by a blast that opened out the ten upper stories of the opposite edifice like a paper bag. Whether indoors or out was now more deadly, no man could tell; but Hugh had his orders to follow. He helped his companion over a heap of debris, and they found clear going for a space.

A mass of sound like a tornado's breath swept in upon them from the east and was repeated and magnified from the west. The navies had engaged, and back of the government ships the massed land artillery on the Jersey side was discharging its volleys. They saw Radio City crumple and dissolve. Almost beneath their feet the Grand Central tunnel split its thin shell, spewing forth steel and stone, mingled with hideous fragments of humanity. Now a deafening succession of intolerable detonations shook the air. The old judge, motioning his escort to go on, pressed his hands to his head and dropped. Hugh dragged him to the shelter of a doorway. It was

useless. He was lifeless, untouched by any missile, but smitten to death by the impact of sheer hammering sound.

Whether from the incessant clamor or from a whiff of some explosive, Hugh's mental control began to slip. He could hear and see and afterward remember; but his power of direction was lost. He wandered.

Through a great gap in the sky line where the Transportation Group had stood, a terrific dogfight between tiny gadflies at the mile-high level was visible. Every minute, it seemed to him, one of the distant combatants came whirling down. He watched an aeronaut who had bailed out descend straight into the roaring hell of flame which had been the Hotel Luxor. The Bush Terminal, too, was afire and burning with a high clear flame. The sides of the Chrysler Building were semitransparent where the wall fabric had fallen away from the skeleton. From time to time he was conscious of other vagrants rushing hither and thither, making mad gestures. To him they were unreal—too small to be reckonable in the orgy of destruction. This was not war. It was a vast convulsion, a hideous lethal ferment, the abomination of desolation wrought through man's diabolical ingenuities against his fellow man. Hugh dimly suspected that he was insane. Why not? The world was insane.

Some one seized him. He recognized one of Truslo Jones' assistants. "Down these steps, Mr. Attorney General." He was close to an entrance of the place he had been seeking. They descended. The refuge was roomy and presumably safe—if there were any safety left in the tortured universe. Fifteen members of the Council were already at work. Propped against a wall, Harris Magill turned an ashy face sidewise.

"Is that you, Chief? I'm through. It was a swell fight for a while."

A FORM with a coat thrown over the face lay near. From a lapel button he recognized it as Wheeler's. Devoe and Maxwell were consulting across a table. Doubtless planning strategy. Hugh wanted to laugh. It was like two midges devising schemes against an avalanche. Between the bursts of concussion Secretary Gerritt was methodically dictating. Hugh caught fragments of the wording. It seemed to be a plan for reorganization of the government. The desire for laughter died. There was a man! He possessed the unshakable courage to assume that after this cataclysm there would still be a nation to direct.

After a time some one set before Hugh slices of bread and a cup of milk. The processes of life were still extant, it seemed! A man who was sprawled, sleeping or stunned, in a chair, weaved across, raising a blank face to Hugh, who gave him a slice of bread. Only after a second look did Hugh recognize the mayor. He said in a plaintive voice:

"Thank you. Something has hap-

pened in my head. Besides, I'm blind."

Overpowering lust of sleep conquered Hugh. Later he found that this was one effect of the sound hammering. . . . Back to consciousness, he could make no estimate of how long his sleep had lasted. He consulted his watch. It had stopped. He asked the time. No one knew. All watches had been disorganized by the repeated shocks. Time, it appeared, no longer existed.

An explosion, followed by a powerful thudding, different from what had preceded, brought around every head with a jerk. The air dimmed with impalpable dust. A voice said, "I think the building has fallen in."

IT was what was needed to rouse Hugh from his torpor. Death he had already accepted as a matter of hours or minutes. But the idea of dying in that tomb revolted him. A blueprint of the successive basements lay on the table. Selecting the likeliest spot, he rallied the others to him, and they began to dig methodically. Blessed chance was with them. A gush of air penetrated. They pushed upward with renewed hope. When they finally burst through, they were gazing into the black dome of night. The bombardment had abated.

Surmounting the heaped-up ruins, he found himself alone—felt inconceivably alone, as if forever separated from his fellows in a world singly devoted to destruction. Some vague ancestral instinct toward the safety to be found in open spaces drove him. To reach Central Park was his one dominant obsession.

Park Avenue with its broad spread might be open. Hugh headed for it. Many of the lofty apartment houses and hotels had collapsed—leaving, however, the center of the parkway clear, though dangerous because of the gaping holes into the tunnel below. By the time he had reached Fifty-ninth Street, dawn was paling the horizon. Presently faint and complaining threads of sound whined from above, where in the stratosphere faintspecks moved. The sky opened and from the invisible depths of air rained clamor and death.

Where the missiles struck and burst, the land was sprayed with a new and slower agony of death. From perilous shelters and hiding places men surged forth, shrieking and writhing as the torture gas, against which no protection avails, took them. Fatalistically Hugh plodded on, and by some miracle escaped the gas.

Central Park was horrible. Trees were twisted and torn or wholly uprooted; the evergreen copses were withered by poisonous blasts. Here the remnants of the Sportsmen's Battalion were still maintaining formation. An officer with one ear seared away approached Hugh.

"Three quarters of us are gone," said he. "I'd like to meet up with those wise war prophets of 1927 who proved that defensive warfare would always match offensive," he added bit-

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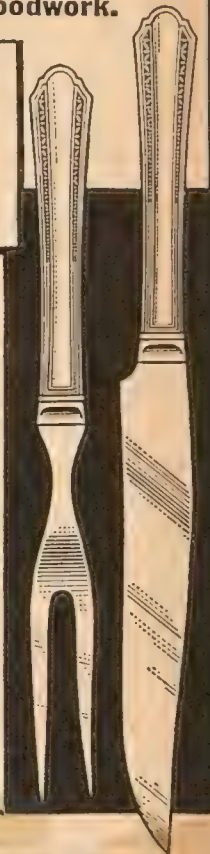
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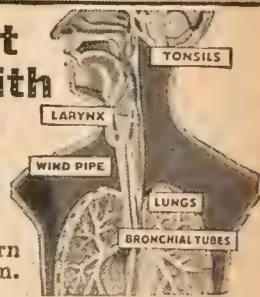
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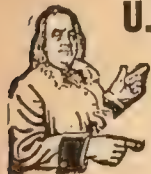
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terly. "I'd give 'em the freedom of the city to theorize in."

Hugh asked for Honor Slogage. The officer indicated the opening of an underground comfort station. "There's our medical center." Hugh climbed down over wrecked stairs.

"Hello, youngster," a voice greeted him. Dr. Gilroy James laid a hand on his arm. "They haven't got you yet, eh? Well, there are a few of us left." He made a motion toward an inner room. "That Slogage gal. She's a worker. No; don't go in to speak to her. She might crack, and I need her. The twins and her husband were wiped out before her eyes yesterday. Thermite bomb."

"Do you suppose it's like this in the other cities?" asked Hugh fearfully. "Washington, for instance?"

THE doctor read his mind. "Your young lady isn't in Washington. She's one of the few neutrals permitted to operate. I made a deal with the medicals on the other side, and she's flying serum to both camps. If you see a silver plane with an S brand, don't shoot."

"She'll never come through, will she?" asked Hugh, white-lipped.

"Who of us will?" retorted the physician gravely. "This looks like America's finish, to me. We're paying the penalty of our smug and blind heedlessness in the past. You know, my boy, there may be something in that theory that the wages of sin is death."

Intervals of snow rendered the warfare desultory. There was nothing for Hugh to do either there or at headquarters. Both sides were stunned into inaction. Even had they been able to operate in the choked highways, what was now to be gained by victory?

After a period the duel of the big guns was resumed, with pitiless ravages. Edifice after edifice crumbled. Again Hugh suffered that dulling of the senses which was nature's feeble attempt at self-preservation. Nothing mattered—not even death. Why should one desire to live on an earth surrendered to such horrors?

When it was that a slackening of the thunders impinged upon his consciousness he did not quite know. An hour? A day? Two days? Yes; the hammer strokes were mitigating. Perhaps ammunition was running low. Or the opposing guns were gradually putting each other out of action. He began to feel a rising curiosity. Once more he wanted to see, to know what had happened, what was still happening.

Towering in the air a few blocks distant stood a grotesque skeleton. A penetrant bomb had pierced the center of the Midtown Building, and the tremendous expansion had blown the fabric of the walls clean out, leaving the frame twisted but intact.

No sane man not a steeplejack would have dreamed of climbing that structure. Hugh had lost the sense of danger. He set himself to the feat. Up the diagonals, back and forth he

made his steady and reckless ascent. In an angle of what had been the fifth floor a madman sat, singing hoarsely, and this was the song that he sang:

"The Son of Man goes forth to war,
A kindly crown to gain."

Hugh shut his ears to it. It had too hideously perverse an appositeness.

At the eighteenth story the view opened out to him. He could now perceive why the firing had almost ceased. Cannonade from the hostile navies, reinforced by the land artillery, had cleared away, one by one, the impeding buildings of the island until the two fleets were firing at each other point-blank across the scant two and a half miles. It was a duel to the death. Nothing afloat could stand that withering steel-studded breath. One after another, the mighty ships burned or sank.

To the lone observer on his height the waters presented a strange aspect of being stippled with tiny islands. These were the upended prows and sterns of the vessels, interspersed with the protruding fighting tops in the shallower fringes. Fire had run the water fronts, swallowing up every slip and pier. Beneath the tatters of Brooklyn Bridge a craft of the small destroyer type with a heavy list to port was skittering along the surface like a wounded duck. It swerved out and crashed on what remained of Governors Island. Nothing else moved upon the face of the waters.

TURNING his glasses upon the land below him, the outlooker saw only desolation. No squads marched. Streets and avenues were mere vague lines of heaped refuse over which minute human pedicules aimlessly crawled. The mighty city, only a few brief days before so ignorantly centered upon its own multifarious pursuits, was a desolation, a desert.

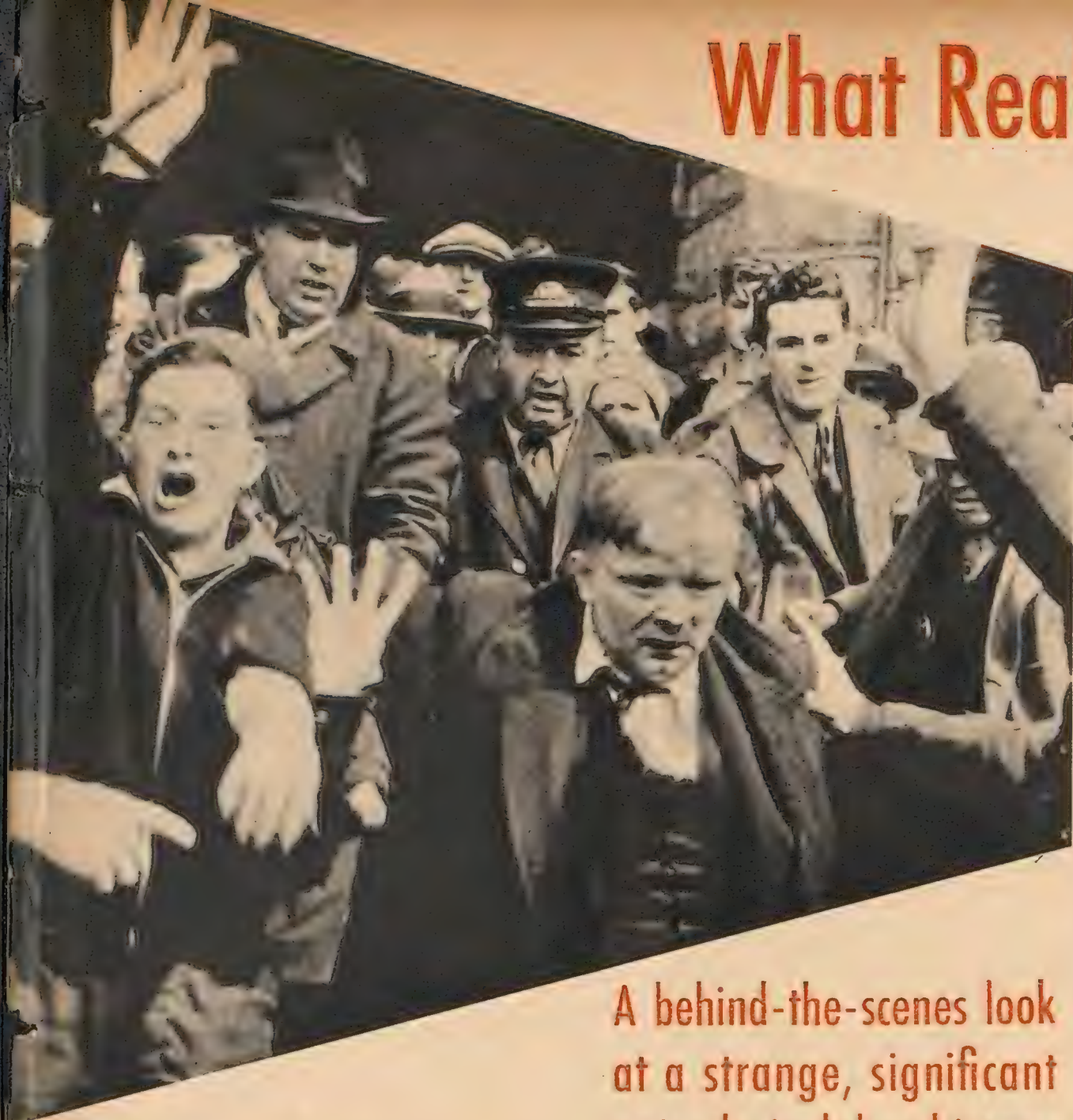
Hugh returned to the ground. His brain was seething with the insoluble, intolerable tragedy of it. What appeared like an improvised earthwork barred his way into Columbus Circle. He mounted to the rim, gazed down into the abyss. There was a distant boom from across the North River, and an approaching whir and howl. The earth to the right of him opened up like a crater as the seismite from the great missile ripped its way upward. A second explosion sent him rolling to the foot of the slope. His head struck something. The light died out.

When he came to, Hugh was master of his own mind once more. The invincible will to survive reasserted its sway. One objective—one desire above all else—now possessed him.

Dorrie James.

Will Hugh find Dorrie again? Can a new life, a new nation, rise from the terrible chaos of a ruined world? Next week's Liberty brings the surprising concluding installment of this astounding, penetrating novel of the future. Don't miss it!

What Really Happened at Hershey



A behind-the-scenes look
at a strange, significant
episode in labor history

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

LABOR war, grim and bitter, came to an "industrial Eden." For most of us it flashed across the front pages as a scene of mob violence; then Hershey, Pennsylvania, was as quickly gone from our view.

That flash was vivid. "Embattled farmers" had invaded "Chocolate Town" and raised a sit-down siege in the world's largest cocoa-products factory. Looking the whole thing over, it has seemed to me the most dramatic and most significant labor-war "case history" of 1937. It is a strange, paradoxical story.

Milton S. Hershey, once apprenticed as a printer's devil and fired, later a caramel maker and pushcart salesman of his own wares, ran that sweet into a million and retired in his early forties.

Having done so, he created the five-cent chocolate bar, a fortune, and two "principalities."

One of these two is "Sugar Town," Hershey, Cuba, where about 100,000 acres, 3,500 workers, and four mills—in what Cubans call "the valley of delight"—turn out about a third of a billion pounds of sugar each season. The other is Hershey, Pennsylvania, snuggled against the Blue Ridge Mountains, with a model factory, a model town of about 2,500 inhabitants, model farms 10,000 acres in extent, and community and recrea-

BY EARL REEVES

tion facilities which leave you gasping. You find it difficult to believe that this Chocolate Town is an industrial center and not merely a garden spot. Yet on some days three million pounds of cocoa products go out from it.

All this grew from the purchase, thirty-four years ago, of 300 acres of bad cornfields and the gathering together of a dozen families to make chocolate bars, and from assuming the care of four orphans, because there were no Hershey children. Chocolate, community building, and orphans have been M. S. Hershey's life ever since.

There was no depression in this Eden or—a phrase "M. S." has used—"industrial Utopia." Not a relief check went into it. No WPA money was spent there. Wage rates remained unchanged, though the NRA reduced hours and weekly "take," spreading work. Actually this was a thriving spot during the depression, with nearly double normal employment because they had a WPA program all their own.

Items: Community Building, \$2,500,000. You belong for a dollar a

month; minors, three dollars a year. Hotel Hershey, \$1,750,000. Industrial School, \$1,500,000, for orphans. Sports Arena, \$750,000. Also the famous windowless office building, indirect-lighted, air-conditioned; laundry, abattoir, apartments, interminable landscaping, etc. Employed, about 3,000, which helped support several surrounding communities.

There had been a 5-per-cent wage increase about the first of the year.

"When I went down to Washington for the Inauguration," John ("Red") Loy, first president and now business manager of the union, told me, "I met an A. F. of L. official I knew and I tried to get them to come and organize Hershey. They said it couldn't be done. Afterward I got up a meeting. Only about sixty came."

That was the status of unions in Utopia early in February, except that there had been Communist agitation for months, which was generally ridiculed.

But Loy said he got a good speaker, the "educational" man of a C. I. O. union, a week later, and thereafter hundreds of listeners were rallied. Some townspeople chuckled. You gather that even a union was still regarded as something that couldn't happen in Hershey.

The benevolent monarch of Chocolate Town was in Cuba in February;

FAN'S PIPE MAKES CLEAN TACKLE!



...then he switched
to the brand of
grand aroma



IT sure looked like a touchdown run, till the old grad's pipe laid the halfback low. A stinky pipe *always* spoils the other fellow's fun! Be a sport! Clean out that sludge and try a fragrant-smelling tobacco you and those around you can enjoy. We recommend Sir Walter Raleigh. Words can't describe this mellow blend of fine burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. You'll have to try a tin and see why a million men swear by it. 15¢ buys two full ounces.



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HOW TO
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of
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William F. R. Murrie, president, was in England. After their return a new wage scale was announced. No demand had been made. A company explanation is that it would have been done anyway. "We got 'em that raise," says Loy.

Then, about five weeks after his fiasco start, Loy signed up the Hershey Chocolate Corporation! Unionization came that quick. Here was first contact with a union, and it was instantly recognized as the "exclusive collective bargaining agency"! It was so new it didn't have a name. The corporation signed with a "union of its employees affiliated with the C. I. O."

"Well," W. S. Crouse, attorney and secretary, admits candidly, "there were a good many strikes in the country then [March 17] and a lot of union agitation everywhere. The leaders said they had 2,100 signed. We took their word for it. If our people wanted a union and this was it, we were willing to sign."

"We'd signed 2,032," says Loy.

So here unionization had arrived as sweetly as a chocolate bar. Why, then, did Hershey explode?

There's always some one little thing. Here it was "seniority." Chocolate has a seasonal lag. The company says it agreed to a union provision for lay-offs by strict seniority rating, the newest in each department to go first. Loy says, "except our committeemen and committeewomen." Some of these were "newest" and were laid off.

That was the ember. There were negotiations. New grievances, mounting demands, says the company. Loy admits it. "By then my people were getting tough, see?" he says. "They wanted a closed shop and the check-off." And finally: "I told the company that if they didn't settle right now I'd strike the plant. They didn't think I could."

At 11 A. M., Friday morning, April 2, the sit-down came to Hershey. About 600 took possession of the factory. The town was startled, company officials shocked. Their immediate reaction was that they would not negotiate. Angered sit-downers, men and women, continued their siege. Union members and sympathizers, largely from seven near-by communities, marched and milled about Chocolate Avenue. Hersheyites kept off the streets. Getting tough!

Five or six leaders, both local and outsiders, made exhortation speeches in the plant before the sit-downers could be brought around to compromise. The wholesale sit-down ended; the union retained possession of the plant, twenty at a time in six-hour shifts.

On Monday the farmers came to town. Forty thousand cows in six counties didn't know anything about sit-downs or even week-ends. They went on giving milk—800,000 pounds of it daily which ordinarily went to Hershey and now had no place to go. That milk was the chief cash crop of 5,600 farm families scattered over a sixty-mile radius. And these were thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch.

On Monday there was a parade of farmers and "loyal workers." Both



"All right, papa—you can look now."

appointed committees to see what could be done about milk and jobs. Within the windowless office building, in different rooms, never meeting, were the union, farmers, and "loyalists," while company negotiators trotted from room to room. The milk solution was that the separator department would run and, out of about \$15,000 worth of milk daily, farmers would get their cream to sell elsewhere. But that broke down a day later. As for the "loyalists," instead of getting their jobs back they saw about 150 men and scores of women reoccupy the plant.

It probably was on Tuesday that the seventy-nine-year-old Milton S. Hershey, seeing his Utopian dream of "general happiness" so rudely shattered, said:

"All I have is a few clothes, the furnishings of a few rooms, and a few securities. I could pull out and leave all this trouble. Except that I can't."

You see, in a way, M. S. Hershey "died" twenty years ago. He made his will. It gave almost literally every-

thing, in trust, for his farm and industrial school for orphan boys. He became the executor, but the money isn't his. Moreover, 70 per cent of what Chocolate Town and Sugar Town earn each year belongs, in endowment form, to orphan boys—a thousand now, in farm colonies throughout Hershey Park; eighteen hundred soon. Four were said to be among the sit-downers!

Reports said the strikers now were armed, even with machine guns. In near-by Harrisburg, a newspaper story said 1,000 miners would march to aid them. Hershey street rumor said 10,000 were on the way.

SO you can picture the tension, hysteria, dynamite of Wednesday, April 7, when, in the morning, 3,000 farmers and 3,000 loyalists—factory and estate workers and townspeople—paraded the streets. Assembled in the Sports Arena, the farmers sent two delegates to Loy and to Russell Behman, president of the United Chocolate Workers Union, demanding that the plant be evacuated and reopened. Finally the tension broke. Men armed with all sorts of heavy clubs moved upon the factory and into it, and from the door behind them strikers began to emerge, beaten and bloody, hands raised; many to receive additional beatings as they ran the gantlet of the crowd outside. Inside, locked doors were battered down and hiding strikers beaten forth. One farmer weapon found later was a hickory bludgeon into which a sharpened file had been set.

"From what I saw," said one man, "I cannot understand how it happened that there weren't several deaths."

It seems clear from several sources that there were some cooler heads about. Union officers, several of them, were battered but were somehow whisked away.

The heat, let loose, as quickly subsided. Attackers helped the attacked. Only seventeen required hospital attention, which is all the more miraculous since there were racial antagonisms. Within an hour, it is said, the roads round about were crowded with cars of farmers returning homeward for the evening chores.

Loyalist workers held a meeting. Pledges were signed, "to work in harmony and peace with my fellow employees and employer."

The plant reopened. Strikers were taken back. On Monday, April 12—the day of the Supreme Court decision on the Wagner Labor Act—the union and the corporation signed a six-months agreement.

Neither before nor after the strike were wages, hours, working conditions, or "recognition" at issue.

A state official insisted that there be an election under the Wagner Act. One was held on Friday, April 23. The C. I. O. union was beaten, 1,542 to 781.

Union leaders charge that on the morning of the election Mr. Hershey himself went into the women's locker

room and pleaded for a loyalty vote. If he did, he got it. They also charge that the company had a good deal to do with getting those farmers interested in Hershey's labor problems. Possibly. But certainly not in the bitter swing that interest finally took. The farmers say they had a right to be interested.

Half a dozen union leaders have scornfully denied charges anent Communists. Company officials made no such charges to the writer. On the contrary, they were surprisingly emphatic in giving union leaders—local and imported—full credit for trying to cope with militancy and radicalism.

However, copies of the Chocolate Bar-b, mimeographed, issued by "the Communist Party of Hershey," show clearly the Communist-agitation background. A famous "Farmers and Workers Unite" leaflet was on the bulletin board in union headquarters. Much evidence points to a conclusion that in Hershey a "normal"—and negotiable—labor crisis was fanned into a blaze by Communists. Such tactics gravely harm every part of the "labor movement."

The net results of the Hershey strike seem to add up to loss—for employees, for the union, for the company and its stockholders, for the farmers. Loss and bitterness. Farmers said, "We don't think we'll have to go back." They meant they were ready. Older employees said, "It won't happen again." There was a threat in it. The tempers of some union leaders continued to flare.

"Red" Loy contended that the "loyal workers" organization would be a company union. The corporation's attorney thought this group would have difficulty convincing labor-relation officials that it wasn't one.

Within a few months it was clear that the idea behind the group was not local but something that was "in the air" nationally. An association of such independent groups grew, with a Hershey employee at its head, and by midsummer a press report claimed a total membership approaching a million. An impatience with agitation and strikes, and a "right to work" keynote, seemed to be the unifying ideas behind a labor organization which was neither C. I. O. nor A. F. of L.

AT Hershey "the public"—town and country—reacted spontaneously and emphatically. Within a few weeks, notably at near-by Johnstown, there were similar if less intense public reactions. They culminated in organization of "citizens' committees" and a national confederation of these.

A third national consequence of Hershey's experience has been the stiffening of farm and small-town objections to wholesale labor troubles in general. I doubt if the more militant labor leadership has accurately measured the effect of this. Though sluggish, the public decides most of these things eventually.

THE END

Mary's Plight

No wonder little Mary frets
When nasty medicine's what she gets



Turns to Delight

But see the difference that it makes
When FEEN-A-MINT is what she takes!



WHEN you force a struggling child to take messy, bad-tasting doses you may actually harm the child more than you help.

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DELICIOUS
Tastes like
your favorite
chewing gum



Death over Galápagos

New light on the baffling mystery of Floreana!—Liberty presents the day-by-day diary of the last woman there



Friedrich Ritter



Dore Strauch Körwin

BY GRETA WITTMER

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Charles J. Hubbard sailed to Floreana on his schooner Zavorah, to try and solve for Liberty the mystery of the strange events that happened on the tiny Galápagos island a few years ago, he found that Heinz Wittmer, his wife and two children were the only inhabitants. And he discovered that these charming, friendly Germans were quite different from the couple pictured by Dore Strauch in her book, *Satan Came to Eden*.

It was this book which really sent Mr. Hubbard to Floreana. Dore Strauch, in her account of the happenings that brought the island to the front pages of newspapers all over the world, had left unanswered some very important questions. What became of the exotic Baroness and her lover, Philippson? Why did Lorenz, her other lover, die? Was Dr. Ritter murdered?

After meeting the Wittmers, who, Dore Strauch had hinted, knew more about the

There her young man washed her feet, with what reverence!

Baroness' disappearance than they told, Mr. Hubbard realized how much Satan Came to Eden had been colored by the eccentric, neurotic temperament of the writer. She had distorted events throughout and had imputed to others motives of her own imagining.

Mr. Hubbard gave the Wittmers the book to read. Indignant at the false charges Dore (or Dora Körwin, as she is called by Greta and Heinz) had made against her husband and herself, Greta Wittmer consented to allow Liberty to print her own day-by-day diary from the time of her arrival on Floreana to the departure of Dora. Here is the remarkable story.

JUNE 27, 1932. We went on board the Dutch motor freighter Baarn at Rotterdam, my companion Heinz Wittmer, his thirteen-year-old son Harry, and I. We were leaving our Germany, starting for the Galápagos Islands, because Heinz considered them the most suitable little patch of earth to support hard-working people like us. He had calculated accurately how our money might supply us with what would be needed until we could reap the fruits of our labor from the soil, besides hunting and fishing.

With mixed feelings we stood at the rail of the foredeck while the ship was sailing out into the open sea. I gazed



at the coast of Europe growing ever smaller. Tears rolled and rolled down my cheeks. But suddenly our German sheep dog, Hertha, came running up, with her six-week-old puppies, Lump and Wolf, toddling behind her. She leaped around me, and Harry scrambled after the little ones. And so the sad mood of farewell was relieved.

Three days at Porto Rico. Through the Panama Canal, and saw our first alligator.

July 24. Puna Island. The pilot took the boat up the river to Guayaquil. We pack to go ashore.

We gave the little Wolf to the ship's engineer; and he, meaning well, brought up the navigation company agent, a portly German gentleman named Klein. He introduced himself to us and burst out: "Are you crazy, that you want to go to the Galápagos? Did this Dr. Ritter turn your heads with his silly scribbling? You believe he lives on grasshoppers and wild honey? I have to laugh! That man eats roast pork as freely as any German, and he has no lack of alcohol either. At his place you will find piles of American tin cans." We now determined to seek an unprejudiced opinion, for we had not yet decided on any plan.

After we went ashore there were days of planning, wandering about, and buying provisions, that were delightful. Heinz inquired everywhere about conditions. When he mentioned Floreana, there were always shrugging shoulders or deprecatory remarks.

Finally the German consul interested himself in us. He advised against Floreana, saying we could not earn a living there; communication with the mainland was too poor to establish business relations. But we were not

intending to go into business. We wanted to settle and to be able to take care of all our wants ourselves, as far as possible. Our final decision was for Floreana. For one thing, we knew that in five months I was to bring a child into the world, and it made Heinz easier in his mind to be able to count on the possible assistance of Dr. Ritter, a physician and fellow countryman, when the event occurred.

We bought beans, rice, oil, corn, onions. We had to have tools, garden utensils, and many other things.

July 29. We boarded the motor sailboat Manuel Y Cobos, that plies between the islands and the mainland. My eyes got larger and larger as I saw the primitive conditions that prevailed on board. I was seasick.

On the fifth day Chatham, the main island of the archipelago, rose out of the morning mist. The governor, a pleasant gentleman of the rank of major, came on board. No time for departure for Floreana was set; so, rather than wait on the boat, we went ashore with part of our baggage. There was a landing pier, but one had to take care not to fall between the planks.

OUR tent was soon put up and we stretched ourselves in the sand. Half an hour had passed when, to our amazement, the sound of German fell upon our ears. We three rose up as one, and found ourselves facing an Austrian, Herr Hager. He became our steady guest. Harry especially could never get enough of his tales of adventure. The days spent waiting for the onward journey were glorious and carefree. One day I took a bath in the warm sea, and suddenly found myself face to face with a seal. We bought two hens and a rooster.

The governor of the islands lives in Chatham. He is the highest official of the harbor police and of justice in general. We soon became acquainted with him and his wife. She invited me to come to her for afternoon coffee. I went wearing a European afternoon dress and carrying a Spanish dictionary. I was received with the finest Spanish courtesy. The coffee was served in enameled cups and had a flavor strange to me. While we were drinking it, there was a great commotion. Everybody in the house was scattering before a wolf—so they thought. But it was Hertha, to whom Heinz had said, "Go find the wife!"

When three weeks had gone by, Heinz could have patience no longer. Urging had no effect on the Cobos, so he consulted our friend Herr Hager and the major, who placed his sailboat at our disposal. The passage from Chatham to Floreana takes normally one night.

August 22. When the boat ran out of harbor at six in the evening, there were eight aboard, crew and passengers, besides the dogs, poultry, and luggage. The space was eight meters by three. Nothing protected us from the weather.

At the first light of the dawn Floreana became dimly visible. Suddenly the wind died down and, with the strong tide against us, we could not get into the harbor. The whole day passed. In the night we were driven strongly westward. Another day passed. The captain and the sailors took turns going without their meal of beans and rice, so that we and the dogs might be fed. It was the *garua* time, the short rainy season. A fine drizzle began every evening punctually at six, and not a thread remained dry. Even Heinz was seasick. The third night came on. We were near Isabella, or Albemarle, Island, so the sailors decided to cast anchor in a small cove at the settlement called Villeamil.

A cliff like a coffin lid stands in front of the island, and as far as the eye can reach are strewn blocks of lava. Somehow we clambered over them, and were met by the owner of Villeamil, Señor Gill, an Ecuadorian. With him was a German, Herr Kübler. They invited us to dinner, and was that a boon! Herr Gill cultivates European vegetables and has coffee plantations. He offered us seventy-five hectares of land if we would stay on Isabella. But Heinz determined to stick by his plan. Then Herr Gill said he would accompany us, as he wanted to visit the major and so would sail to Chatham on the way back.

Taking leave of Herr Kübler, we went aboard our boat once more. The weather was favorable and we were very

jolly. We spent the night talking, and about dawn cast anchor in Floreana's Black Beach Bay. We had been five and a half days coming from Chatham.

When the sun came up we saw the island. Nothing green; here and there small patches of sand among blocks of lava. The skillful sailors got us safely ashore in a little rickety boat through heavy surf. The landing place was marked by a post with a bucket on top. Right and left lay blocks of lava over which red and black crabs crawled.

By noon everything was landed, and then the men made a scouting trip to gather oranges. At a turn in the path Heinz came face to face with a rather tall man in a linen suit. Herr Gill and the Indian captain of the sailboat hailed him. It was Dr. Ritter.

Dr. Ritter said he had seen our boat from his garden. Had we brought him any mail? Heinz said we had, but was obliged to ask Dr. Ritter to wait until the trunks were opened, for we had packed the little package of letters and papers most carefully when it had been given us in Chatham. Together the group then went to be welcomed by Dr. Ritter's companion, Frau Dora Körwin, at his place, Friedo. Frau Körwin served fruit to the visitors. Herr Gill remained chatting while Heinz returned to take me and the mail back to Dr. Ritter's.

I had dinner ready for him. Harry and I had built a fireplace and cooked rice. Now we had in addition some papayas Heinz had brought. We ate in a gay mood.

Heinz had found the doctor somewhat reserved, but on the whole he was satisfied and thought we should get along well together. Dr. Ritter had asked many questions. Evidently he was concerned with finding out if we had obligated ourselves to any newspaper or publisher, or if we intended to write anything. Heinz had been able to say no with a clear conscience; and it seemed to him that then Dr. Ritter became more approachable. As to Frau Körwin, said Heinz, I should have to see her for myself.

I was very eager to meet a German woman here in this faraway place, and did my best to make myself presentable. I fished a white skirt and a pink pull-over out of my baggage and donned my Panama hat. We started, Heinz carrying the mail. On the trail we met our crew loaded down with oranges and sugar cane. Herr Gill could stay no longer, so we took leave of one another.

We now continued our way to Friedo. Dr. Ritter saw us coming and came to meet us. He was very polite and cordial. Frau Körwin's greeting to me was: "Oh, but you're all dressed up! Are you always so elegant?" Nothing of welcome, no heartiness, no personal inquiry; nothing but a disparaging word, showing already the direction of her feelings. I replied that naturally on a first visit I had wished to do honor to the occasion and to my hosts. After that we became more cordial. Fruit was served, and we had to tell all the news from Germany. Then we were shown the garden and the poultry yard. Altogether it was an impressive achievement, this that Dr. Ritter had made out of a thorny waste.

WHILE making the rounds, we talked on all sorts of topics. Frau Körwin asked, "What do you think of Nietzsche?" Heinz was superficially informed, but it was soon evident we were put down as uneducated. Now, I put it to anybody, had we come to Floreana to converse about Nietzsche? We found it strange that they examined compatriots first as to their caste and social status. We just wanted to be settlers, and our equipment was not Nietzsche and Lao-tse, but willingness to labor and to persevere.

Heinz and I both felt that we were not pleasing to the Ritters, and so we could not be really comfortable. We made a move to go. Dr. Ritter offered to take Heinz the next day to the pirates' cave where for the present we were to take shelter. Near the cave is a spring.

When we got back to our tent, we sat talking. Really,

we told each other, we couldn't expect them to fall upon our necks; yet Frau Körwin's examination of our attitude toward the higher education seemed a little absurd, coming so immediately after our landing. That showed a lack of something and an overabundance of something else—intellectual arrogance. Well, we decided, we would not force ourselves upon them.

Sunday—the next day—a loud braying of wild asses woke us. After breakfast, which was rice, fruit, and coffee, Heinz and Harry got ready to tramp to Friedo for luggage. We wanted to get to those caves. When they returned, they said they had loaded all the stuff on Dr. Ritter's donkey and got it through the thorny brush uphill. Heinz had his altimeter along and at Dr. Ritter's measured 150 meters above sea level, and 300 at the caves. When they got up to 200 meters they found everything different, for that is the rain line. After the everlasting thickets of thorn the dark green splendor of lemon and orange trees with their glowing fruit looked magnificent. In one grove of them they heard the bellowing of cattle.

Heinz said Dr. Ritter pointed out everything and became more expansive as he noted how much practical knowledge Heinz possessed, and the three really got acquainted. They left our things in the cave and loaded the donkey with fruit for Friedo. It was late afternoon when my family got back.



Herr Wittmer posts a letter.

MONDAY—we moved into the cave at once. It was a long climb, with our bags of provisions. It was two in the afternoon when we got there. Heinz had seen a wild hog, so he got his rifle ready and after some stalking shot it down. By the time he brought it in cleaned, Harry and I had the cave clean and comfortably warm and a savory bean soup cooking.

Tuesday—Hertha and Lump had breakfasted early on the ham we had put to simmer for our own meal. Well, never mind. Dr. Ritter was supposed to be a vegetarian; but when Heinz had mentioned he understood butchering, the doctor had asked for some meat "for the chickens." So Heinz took him half of the hog and its head, and then he asked to borrow the donkey so that our things could be brought up more rapidly from the beach. Frau Körwin spoke up with some evasive answer. So Heinz was the donkey. Anyhow, when he got home he found a real German meal of pork and fruit.

Wednesday—Heinz went down to the beach. He found Frau Körwin at our tent. She had thought it worth the trouble of a walk to inspect our things.

When the tent was brought up to the cave, Heinz and I slept in it. Harry slept inside the cave. Heinz built a primitive shelter for our folding canoe and the stuff that was still on the beach. We persevered in our schedule, which was: 5.15 to morning coffee, clear some land; from then until noon, tidy up the cleared piece; after the noon meal, carry things up from the beach. We prepared a garden patch of radishes, tomatoes, celery, kohlrabi.

Thursday of the second week—Dr. Ritter came bringing eggs, bananas, papayas, and seeds. He was cordial; it did our hearts good. Had Dora encouraged him to more neighborliness after she had examined our belongings?

One evening we saw on the brow of a cliff the dim outline of a dog. Heinz shot him off it, for the wild dogs had been soiling our spring and making havoc in our garden. Next day we discovered he had killed our faithful Hertha. It was our first sorrowful experience. I was feeling more and more the difficulties of my pregnancy.

September 16. Harry's birthday. He had his favorite dish, banana whip, to celebrate. We were now leveling a spot for a log house, forty meters from the spring.

At Dr. Ritter's suggestion, he and Heinz hiked to Post Office Bay, on the north side of the island, to see if a ship had touched there and left mail. They looked in the barrel fastened on top of a post, but there was no mail in it. Dr. Ritter expounded his ideas of nutrition. Papayas and oranges for breakfast, two beaten eggs and six bananas

at noon, a few papayas at night. To keep domestic animals for fat and meat he absolutely refused. That contradicted what we knew: we had seen piles of empty tin cans.

Heinz took down some fruit to Dr. Ritter, and some eggs to be hatched for us. Again Frau Dora philosophized, this time on the relations between man and woman. The husband, she said, should never relieve the wife of a task. Heinz could not agree, for results are what counts. One thing he doesn't help me with is cooking. That night I had green beans and dried meat cooked like German beefsteak. After dinner, coffee and a smoke. Tobacco grows wild here.

Sunday, September 25. Sunshine. We always observe Sundays. We choose a book from our box of books and take turns reading aloud. Another Sunday occupation is getting sand fleas out of feet and legs.

Sunday again. Horseradish from our own garden on our dinner table. Heinz and Harry paddled to Post Office Bay. They brought home a fifteen-pound turtle. Harry named it Isidor and built a pen for it. The walls of our house are up. For the roof, Dr. Ritter gave us some sugar cane that was lying useless in his garden; but it wasn't enough, so the remaining part of the roof was finally covered with cowhide.

OCTOBER 15. Visitors. After the noon meal Lump gave the alarm. First came our friend Hager from Chatham. He brought Herr Schimpf, who had formerly lived on Floreana. Behind them was a woman on a donkey. She was introduced as the Baroness Wagner from Paris. A young man of about twenty-eight seemed much concerned for the lady.

The "Baroness" wished immediately to be led to the spring. There her young man washed her feet for her, with what reverence! She seemed very weary, but her manner was irritatingly arrogant. We offered her our tent to rest in. The young man, Lorenz, went into it with her and helped her undress. He did not reappear. Herr Hager told us that she and her retinue intended to stay on Floreana. Two more of her men had remained at Post Office Bay—a German named Philippson and an Ecuadorian, Valdivieso. Herr Hager dropped hints of dubious relations which he had noticed on the ship. The Baroness, he said, had brought comprehensive equipment including two cows with calves and two donkeys. After her siesta the lady implored us to allow her to remain for the present near us. Heinz, against his better judgment, let her live at another small spring in our orange grove.

A serpent in Eden! Don't miss Greta Wittmer's account of the astonishing ménage which the eccentric Baroness set up in the tropical retreat, of the trouble she stirred up, and of the peculiar actions of Frau Körwin and Dr. Ritter. In next week's Liberty.



DON'T GET CAUGHT with liquor on your breath

Determined to stamp out drunken driving, police sniff a suspicious nose at every breath they meet. Since even one beer leaves an alcoholic odor, many a driver has faced jail and loss of license as the penalty for mild indulgence. Today, millions of moderate-drinking motorists munch **CHASERS** as they drive.

CHASERS kill bad breath from alcohol, tobacco, onions or garlic. Come in two forms: tablets or gum. Cost only five cents a package. Leave no odor of their own. Chasers Inc., N. Y.

CHASERS TABLETS OR CHEWING GUM **5¢** a package

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FREE! Boys!

Win this Football!

What a ball! Pick it up . . . kick it . . . try a couple of passes . . . It's a *beauty!*

Official size, shape and weight. Genuine leather—made to stand many seasons of hard, tough play . . . And it comes to you *already laced*. All you have to do is blow it up with bike or tire pump.

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At the same time you're winning this dandy ball, you are also getting your own pocket money and another *special* prize we can't tell you about, here.

Sounds good, doesn't it? Let's see you hit that line—the dotted one, over there! Send us the coupon and we'll tell you how you can get *not only* the football, but cash profits and many other prizes—*free!*

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Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

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CITY.....STATE.....

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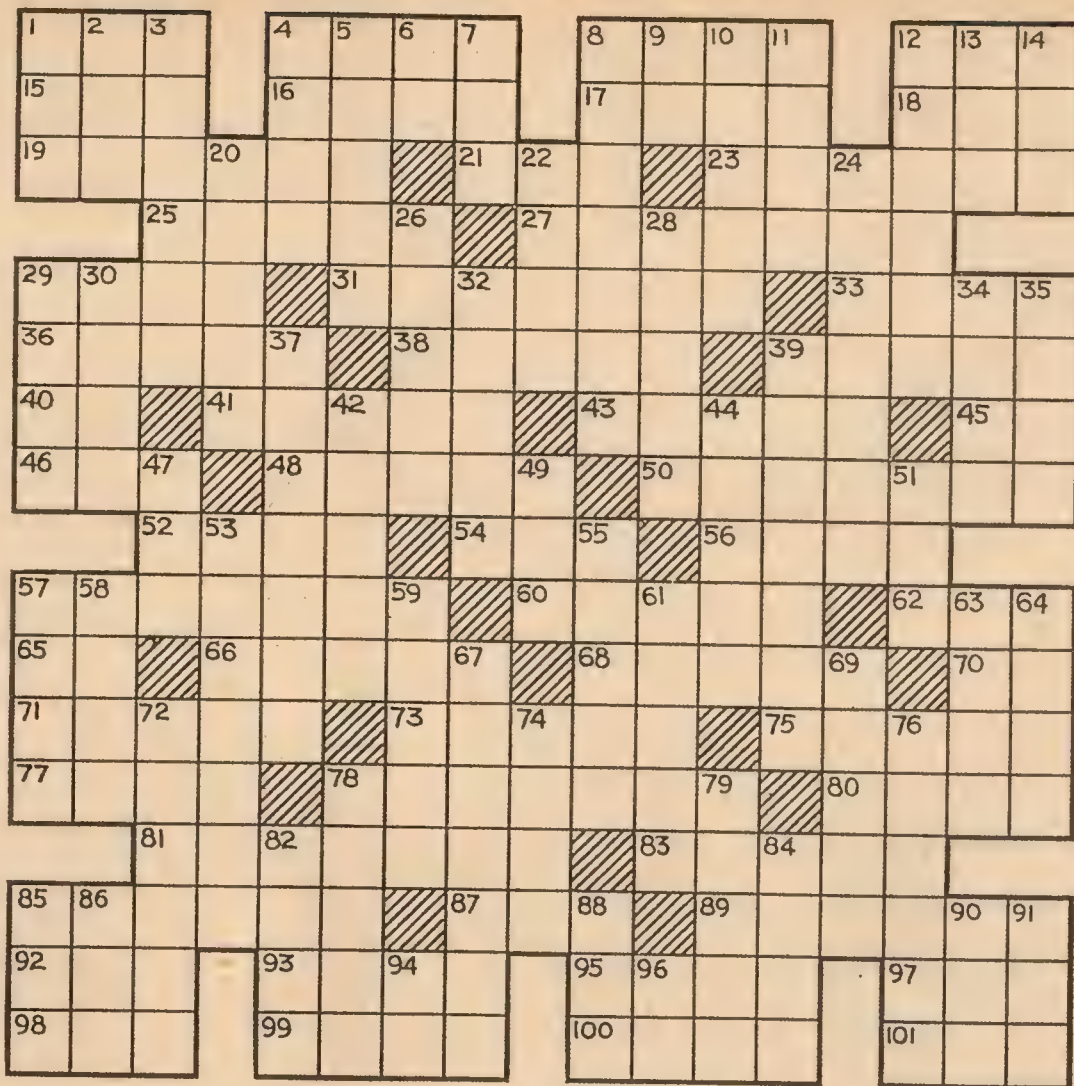
"Honest—you ought to try it! You'll know this Beeman flavor's something special the minute you tear off the airtight wrappings and get that first tantalizing whiff! And the taste—smooth as custard—a real up-and-doing flavor!"



"Let me tell you something! Beeman's is fine for digestion, too! When you can't resist one of those rich, indiscreet desserts—top off with Beeman's! It comforts your digestion!"

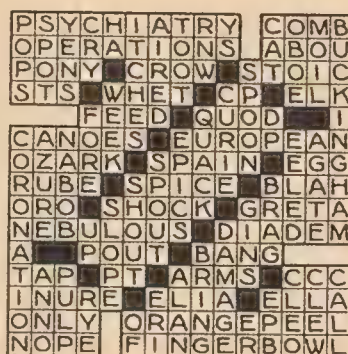
Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A baby's napkin
- 4 Look at closely
- 8 Filipino province
- 12 To stitch
- 15 Stray
- 16 Very small degree
- 17 Egyptian goddess
- 18 A beverage
- 19 Distributor
- 21 Old Dutch measure
- 23 Commemoration
- 25 A tree
- 27 Free from bigotry
- 29 Unconfined
- 31 A Mexican article of diet (pl.)
- 33 A son of Jacob
- 36 Dares
- 38 A flower (pl.)
- 39 Expunged
- 40 While
- 41 Separate
- 43 A drain
- 45 Depart
- 46 An affirmative
- 48 An eel
- 50 Contemporary
- 52 A lure
- 54 Beat (slang)
- 56 Rend
- 57 Colorer
- 60 Mohammedan book
- 62 Yonder
- 65 Greek letter
- 66 Roman gods
- 68 Rolls of lint
- 70 Note of the scale
- 71 Mohammedan noble
- 73 Caused to stand
- 75 European country
- 77 Close by
- 78 Chart



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 80 Bird of prey
- 81 Fictitious love tale
- 83 At no time
- 85 Tannic acid
- 87 Knowledge
- 89 Passengers
- 92 American Indian
- 93 Garment armhole
- 95 Imitates
- 97 Girl's nickname
- 98 Couch
- 99 Ovule
- 100 Attitudinize
- 101 Cardinal number

VERTICAL

- 1 Small garden plot
- 2 Anger
- 3 Support
- 4 A lean-to
- 5 Measure of weight
- 6 Three-toed sloth
- 7 U. S. economics act (abbr.)
- 8 Figures of speech
- 9 Pronoun
- 10 Fruit (pl.)
- 11 Employer

- 12 Long fur piece (pl.)
- 13 Ever (poet.)
- 14 Manner
- 20 A vegetable (pl.)
- 22 Exclamation
- 24 Febrile disease
- 26 Scarcer
- 28 Attack
- 29 Wear into shreds
- 30 Ascend
- 32 Ethical
- 34 A star
- 35 Image of worship
- 37 Course of study
- 39 Feels contrition
- 42 Balloter
- 44 Origin of Wednesday
- 47 Arab's garment
- 49 Tibetan ox
- 51 Yell
- 53 Part of an airplane
- 55 Engine
- 57 Pair of animals
- 58 Era
- 59 A gum
- 61 A fortification
- 63 Teutonic deity
- 64 Not any
- 67 Piled
- 69 Move with celerity
- 72 Acquired by labor
- 74 Molding
- 76 Detain
- 78 Step rhythmically
- 79 Lakes
- 82 To feel the loss of
- 84 Jawlike device
- 85 A container
- 86 Corroded
- 88 Surface of cloth
- 90 Regret
- 91 Japanese coin
- 94 Pronoun
- 96 River in Italy

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

FINAL WEEK

\$1,000 CASH PRIZE

"COUNT 'EM" CONTEST

COMPLETE YOUR ENTRY!

SEND IT IN!

**YOU MAY WIN FIRST PRIZE
AVOID ORNAMENTATION**

GROUP NO. 6

THE final problem in Liberty's great \$1,000 cash prize "Count 'Em" game is yours for the solving!

Completing your count of this group will bring you to the end of the task as far as the six groups are concerned. When you have checked each of the totals over for a final verification of their accuracy it will be time to arrange your material for presentation to the judges. Do not plan an elaborate entry. Ornamentation and decoration will have no bearing on the rating of the entries in this contest. Simplicity is best.

Do not overlook the brief statement required by Rule 3. Without this no entry will be considered. Therefore make sure that you include yours with the six coupons upon which your counts have been registered.

The closing date is Wednesday, November 24, which provides ample time for you to get your entry into the hands of the judges. If you have carried along an entry up to this point, by all means finish out the game. Failure to finish may cost you the first cash prize—\$500. Don't let neglect rob you of an opportunity like this!



THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish a COUNT 'EM CONTEST picture. Each picture will show a tangle of objects which can be accurately and definitely counted to give the total number of units in the group.

2. To compete, count the units in each picture as it is published and note your count on the official entry coupon provided for that purpose. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete, then send them in as a unit at the same time at the end of the contest. Coupons sent individually will not be considered.

3. With your set of six coupons include a brief statement of not more than 50 words explaining "Why I read Liberty."

4. The complete entry which contains the greatest number of correct counts and is accompanied by the most logical, constructive statement, will be judged the best and will receive the \$500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis others will receive the following prizes: Second Prize, \$100; Third Prize, \$50; Ten Prizes, each \$10; Fifty Prizes, each \$5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, November 24, the closing date of this contest.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to COUNT 'EM CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best.

8. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

USE THIS COUPON

LIBERTY'S

"COUNT 'EM" CONTEST

OFFICIAL SCORING COUPON NO. 6

Total number
of units in

Group No. 6.....

Submitted by

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE.....

(Save this coupon until the end of the contest
and submit a complete set of six with statement)

Vox Pop

Does Football Make Players Stupid?

SILOAM SPRINGS, ARK.—Nineteen years ago we started here in a cornfield what has now grown into four quite widely known schools, and this parent organization has now become a university which, probably unlike any other school in America, trains head, heart, and hand.

In starting these schools I announced there would be no intercollegiate athletics, and was told that I could not run a school without specializing in sports. In October 9 Liberty, under the title of Stumble-Backs—Does Football Make Players Stupid? there is an article by Frank Scully that so perfectly fits the conviction that I have had concerning athletics that I am asking permission of Liberty to print this article in leaflet form for free distribution in our four schools.—*John E. Brown, President, John Brown University.*

THERE is undoubtedly some truth in what Mr. Scully writes. Football takes a ghastly toll in fatalities and permanent injuries.

However, the situation is not quite as critical as Mr. Scully would have you believe.

For every collegiate player who dies or sustains permanent injury, either physical or mental, there are 1,000 who play two or three years in high school and that many more in college without sustaining apparent injury.

If Mr. Scully really wanted to put the blast on football, he should have explored the sand-lot and high-school divisions for his statistics. Then he would have ammunition for a real blast.

As it is, I think he went off with his gun half loaded. He has singled out isolated cases that are the exception rather than the rule. I'm not denying that there are many men walking around on their heels as a result of collegiate football. I too have seen and known athletes who have been ruined both mentally and physically in collegiate sports.—*Charles Reilly, Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch.*

WE would not be surprised if Scully had some fairly sound proof to back up his claims as far as the American game is concerned. Their mass production of football players, terrific competition and heavy power plays from their packed formations, would certainly tend to wear down the neck and head muscles of the secondary defense men, at least.

Which is another reason we believe the open, running, kicking Canadian brand of football makes for faster and more enjoyable sport, and we feel that the rule makers, who are all for adopting the battering American interference rules, have the wrong slant.

As far as Canadian football is concerned, we hate to state that all the old football players we know who are a bit screwy now were that way before they took to playing football, and the sport did not make us any daffier. We hope.—*Ted Reeves, Toronto Evening Telegram.*

FRANK SCULLY, writing in October 9 Liberty, winds up and takes an editorial liberty at college football.

He charges that football makes addle-brained stumblebumps of many of its participants and therefore unfit to hold positions which require even a moderate degree of intelligence. In other words, Scully places former football players in the same class with pugilists who become punch-drunk from absorbing too many blows about the head.

Scully, in his attack on football, overlooks entirely the thousands of cases of football players from all of our leading universities and colleges who have been successful in business and professional circles. Scully knows, or should know, that his article is not founded on facts; but facts evidently didn't mean anything to him to put across a sensational story.—*George Barton, Minneapolis Tribune.*

[We have been quite snowed under by the replies of our readers who line themselves up for and against Frank Scully's "stumble-backs" article. We regret our inability to print all their contributions. However, you may expect to see more on the subject in Liberty.—Vox Pop Editor.]

UNCLE SAM IS A SMILING OLD GENTLEMAN

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Your article, Surly Old Sam, by Lloyd C. Douglas (September 25 Liberty), seems very much out of place beside Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's patriotic editorials.

The government has to attend to business, just as any one else. The notice in the post-office box is just a form and I see nothing wrong with it. If the present governmental powers would attend more to the government's business we would

be much better fixed. We have to keep our receipts in business, and why not in the business of government?

Uncle Sam is a nickname for our United States of America, and very much respected at home and abroad. Your artist has drawn the wrong man, as our Uncle Sam is a smiling old gentleman with a long lean face and features, long legs and thin, made to get there, and I don't think the original can be changed any more than our Constitution can be changed. I think you owe our Uncle Sam an apology.—*M. S. E.*

GOD GIVE US MEN

DAVENPORT, IA.—My political creed is: Maintain the Constitution; keep the Supreme Court supreme; impeach the dictator and demagogue. Stop corruption and protect taxpayers.

And here is a poem by Josiah Gilbert Holland, written in 1860 but apropos of today seventy-seven years later as of the time it was composed.

Read it carefully and take it to heart, I say.—*Robert N. Carson.*

GOD GIVE US MEN

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith,
and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot
buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will
not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And dam his treacherous flatteries
without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above
the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-
worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little
deeds
Mingle in the selfish strife: Lo! Free-
dom weeps!
Wrong rules the land and waiting
Justice sleeps.

DICTATOR NOT ON OUR BACK

POSTALES, N. M.—I want to compliment Mildred Rice on her piece on war in September 25 Vox Pop. And now about dictators.

I wish to say I am also a peace-loving gal. I take my sun baths, eat my jack rabbits and beans, as all other New Mexicans do. But if there is anything that makes me mad enough to scratch all the thorns off of the New Mexico cactus, it is to pick up a magazine and see the back decorated with a dictator's picture, with his snoot stuck up in the air as though he were daring the stars to shine, or the heavens to speak his name.

But I have never seen one of Liberty's backs ornamented with one yet.—*Birdie Cissell.*



BUT ONE SECOND OF A BAD EGG IS ENOUGH!

WINNIPEG, MAN.—An American advertisement once stated that "this firm shipped enough safety-razor blades to Great Britain last year to cover the whole country four inches deep." A

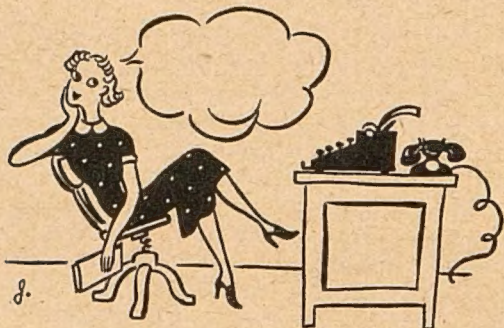
Scotch professor replied with figures showing that the whole United States commercial navy could not transport that much steel in three months. Pure Yankee blowhard!

You say in a late issue that Liberty receives 3,000 manuscripts per day and gives every one a careful reading. The reading time given at the head of your stories averages twenty minutes; so a reader could read three per hour or about twenty per day.

You must, therefore, employ 150 readers. Or is it more Yankee blowhard? —John Dunn.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW, TOO

COLUMBIA, TENN.—What I want to know is, what do stenographers think about all day when they're not busy?—Katherine E. Derryberry.



VINEGAR AND MOLASSES

DURHAM, N. C.—Wanna make a good mag out of Liberty? Well, discharge Hills and Kropotkin, omit editorials, crossword and other puzzles, and all contests.

Publish no serials, no articles about Hollywood, nor about Edward and Wallie.

Burn all Vanderbilt's contributions.

Let Charlie McCarthy rest his wooden head elsewhere. Send Hardtack back to the nursery.

Honest, Liberty is about as interesting as a striptease in a nudist camp.—H. D. Hays.

DENVER, COLO.—Have been a reader of Liberty for several years and haven't missed an issue in the past twelve months. Even while sitting on my husband's lawn fifteen days and nights in my alimony sit-down strike, with my eyes burnt by the sun and wind, I was still able to read Liberty.

Have always enjoyed your Vox Pop, but never got hot enough under the collar to write until I read Beverly Hillas' letter in October 2 Vox Pop criticizing your use of serial stories and adding that Liberty isn't worth five cents any more.

Mr. Editor, stick to your guns—keep Liberty just as it is. It's the biggest little magazine published and worth many times the nickel it costs.—Genevieve Johnson.

"WHO WANTS WAR?"

HACHITA, N. M.—I have read all of Macfadden's editorials. They are the main features of Liberty, and his editorial of September 25, Who Wants War? is the most outstanding article ever published.

Who wants war?

Grafters, extremists, and those out for notoriety want war. Soldiers, spurred by smooth-talking orators, are shot down, not for our country, but for personal graft.

Who pays?

A mother's son pays with his life, the taxpayer with his shekels. Thousands and thousands of lives are lost, and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed, to no avail except for a select few. Who wants war? Why have war? —J. A. Skipper.

HARRIMAN CONTEST AWARDS MADE

BROOKHAVEN, MISS.—Will you kindly publish in Vox Pop or some department of Liberty what happened to the Sweepstakes Contest, sponsored by Mrs. Harriman? This seems to have dropped out of existence. I cannot recall ever having missed a copy of Liberty and have looked each week for some announcement in connection with the contest, but have seen none since it was announced "the results would be given sometime in March."—E. F.

[The counsel for the National Conference for Legalizing Lotteries, Inc., has informed us that "the winners were determined and checks were mailed to the winning contestants last August."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"HARDTACK"

By Reamer Keller



"You got me wrong when I said to beat it
—I meant scam!"

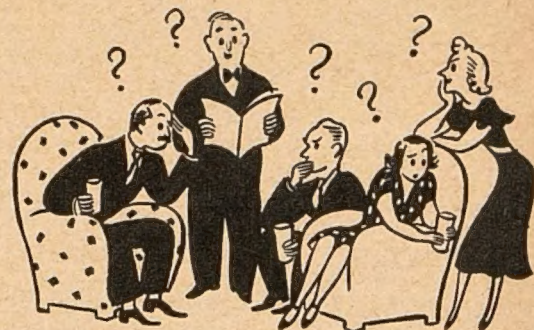
HOW ABOUT A TWENTY QUESTIONS PARTY?

SOUTH WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—At our home we have a party once each week and use the Twenty Questions to test our knowledge.

We find them educational as well as a barrel of fun, as some of our incorrect answers prove.

It also helps to clear the cobwebs from our minds so we can see the best side of people as well as the worst.

Try it sometime. —Mildred M. Ohumeiss.



ACHMED ABDULLAH BLAMED FOR VILLON!

BURLINGAME, CALIF.—If Achmed Abdullah is to give another series, can you not persuade him to give something more wholesome for our youth than illicit love affairs treated as romance or a joke? I quit reading the Villon stories because they left a bad taste in the mouth, then tried one of the new series to see if it might be cleaner.

The movies have cleaned house and fiction writers have followed suit to a large extent. Why select the dirtiest, however well written?

Bernarr Macfadden works for healthy bodies; he must approve of equally healthy minds.—Mrs. Adelaide M. Cox.

[But Mrs. Cox will please note that she has her authors mixed. It is John Erskine, not Achmed Abdullah, who is responsible for Villon's philandering capers.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

JOBS BY BRAINS OR FIGURES

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—In answer to I. M. Straight's brain storm in September 11 Vox Pop, I suggest that the men do something about all these workingwomen he (I presume that this brainy person is a he) is so boldly ridiculing. For instance, it might help if some of these men would support their wives so they wouldn't have to work to keep the groceries on the table.

I also question his statement about brainless women. It is my opinion that surely all of those seventy-five per cent of the women can't have figures. And how else do women get jobs, if not by brains or figures? And I don't mean mathematical figures, either.—Mrs. Workingwoman.

Why Did the Windsors Want to Come Here?

MANY STRANGE STORIES are being told about the proposed visit to the United States of former King Edward and his American Duchess. Some of these tales are spun from the flimsy sleaziness of malicious gossip. Others seem to have been born in the minds of incurable romantics. There is also the inevitable one that the Duchess is about to give the Duke an heir. This tale, widely repeated, is buttressed by the remark that in traveling over Europe the Duke flies but the Duchess keeps out of airplanes. This story was bound to be told, whether it was true or not. But a few are based on curious and little-known facts. No one believes, for example, that the Duke of Windsor, following his triumphant reception by Hitler in Berlin, is coming over here to make Nazism more palatable to Americans, especially to the labor unions.

That is obviously a silly story. On the other hand, there are reasons to believe that Edward, when he gave up the throne, did not altogether give up his interest in politics or his enjoyment of leadership and power. There is, for example, the Society of Octavians, formed of admirers of the abdicated King and banded for the purpose of seeing that he gets a square deal in his own country and elsewhere. There is another society, devoted to his interests, which has as its aim his return to England and to English political life.

Is it to be supposed that Edward's interest in the housing conditions of the poor is purely academic, or does he hope to do something about those conditions? Remembering how he shocked the stuffed shirts of England when he expressed his indignation in behalf of the Welsh miners, is it not likely that he has his own plans for the future?

Who that knows him, or has studied his career, can believe that he and the American woman he loved and married at great cost will be satisfied to flit and wander through the fashionable high spots of the world? These questions form the background for an astonishingly frank and vital article which Liberty will bring you next week—a piece by Frederick Lewis which answers these questions with fascinating directness and candor. Whether Edward and Wallie land on these shores now or later, here is an article every American will enjoy and understand.



LOVE AND HATE IN SHANGHAI during the bombardment from sea and air! These are the elements of an up-to-the-second novel which begins in Liberty next week. An American officer, with a secret document which must be sent to Washington—and how to do it? His plan was to hide it on the person of his bride of an hour—and not to let her know. Then an old lover turned up at the wedding—and another girl sat at a piano while the shrapnel whined and the houses crashed and hundreds died. That was when things began to happen! You will really be cheating yourself if you don't get the first installment of Steve Fisher's great story, Tomorrow in Shanghai.



PETTING IN THE DARK. Do you know the difference between "petting," "necking," and "heavy necking"?

They are precise terms well understood in the patois of some types of American boys and girls today. Day before yesterday they called it "spooning." Then came flaming youth. Today it is something else. The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Potter, one of the most liberal and understanding of men, speaks forth with a blunt warning on this subject in his article next week.



"ONCE A KLANSMAN always a Klansman!" No matter what Justice Black has to say about resigning from the company of bigots in white night-gowns, that is how the matter stands in the mind of its Imperial Wizard, Hiram Evans. This magazine, as its readers are well aware, stands foursquare against all intolerance, all racial and religious discrimination of any kind. Then why do we give space to the leader of the Klan? We do it because he is the highest authority on the subject, and by his own words he condemns the whole movement, without, of course, intending to do any such thing. Ordinarily Liberty has an answer to every controversial article, prepared by some leader of the opposition. We print no answer to Wizard Evans. His article answers itself.



THIS WEEK'S COVER is a reproduction of the New York Daily News cartoon by C. D. Batchelor which won the Pulitzer prize for 1937. We print

it in the Armistice Day issue because we believe it possesses a unique force in the fight for peace.



THERE ARE SO MANY exciting articles and stories in Liberty next week that there is hardly room to list them all. There is, for example, Eddie Doherty's Kentucky Vengeance: Three Women in General Denhardt's Life and How They Died; there is also the extraordinary *au revoir* by Princess Radziwill, Will I Come Out of Russia Alive? Those of you who have read her writings on her native country may well wonder if she will escape unharmed. If she does escape imprisonment, or worse, she will tell of her experiences in these pages a little later on.

There will be a first-rate football piece by the representative of an American college who boldly admits that his team pays its players—by the hour! You won't wish to miss that! Two exciting short stories, one by Scott Littleton, the other by Lucile Selk Edgerton; more from Mrs. Wittmer about the Galápagos adventure; another great installment of Robert Ray's Ambush—these and many other features will make the November 20 Liberty a notable issue.



Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

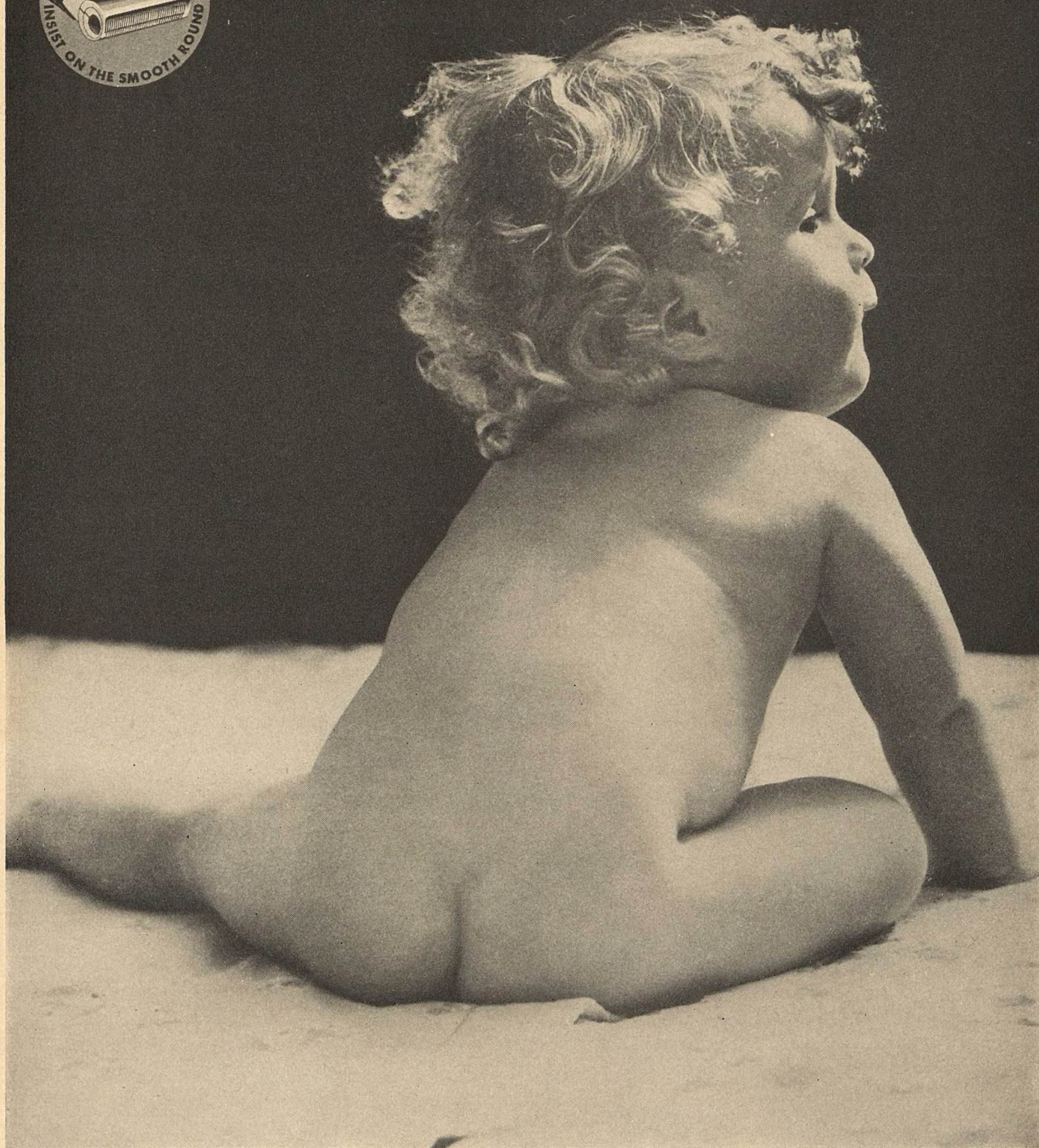
Liberty—for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	The Savage Brutality of Modern War....Bernarr Macfadden	4
SHORT STORIES	If You Break My Heart—.....Steve Fisher	8
	Casanova's Women: Giannetta Discards a Lover. John Erskine	18
	Happy Ending—Liberty's Short Short.....Horatio Winslow	31
SERIALS	Ambush—Part II.....Robert Ray	24
	The World Goes Smash—Part IX....Samuel Hopkins Adams	44
	Death Over Galápagos.....Greta Wittmer	54
ARTICLES	Is Another World War at Hand?.....Leon Trotsky	5
	Japan's Geisha Girls Mourn for War. Aleko E. Lilius, F.R.G.S.	12
	Fiancée of Danger.....Marie Marvingt	14
	It Never Rains but It Scores	
	Jim Crowley as told to Arthur J. Daley	16
	Lonely Comic—The Private Life of Victor Moore	
	Frederick James Smith	37
	No One Can Take My Husband!.....Ethelda Bedford	39
	Joe Louis Strikes Back Gene Kessler	41
	What Really Happened at Hershey.....Earl Reeves	51
FEATURES	To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 34; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 35; Twenty Questions, 38; Crossword Puzzle, 58; \$1,000 "Count 'Em" Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.	

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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